ONFESSIONS OF A HOLLYWOOD HOSTESS!

Silver Screen

August

)C

land

Jean Arthur

TE DAVIS Picks Best Bets For 1939 OSCARS



You didn't believe DANDRUFF could be MASTERED?

Hear the People!

DAY after day they come . . . a steady stream of letters, from every part of the country . . . unsolicited corroboration of a *fact* demonstrated in laboratory and clinic—dandruff *can* be mastered with Listerine Antiseptic! Read them.

Sensational new disclosures definitely prove that dandruff is really a *germ disease!* . . . caused by the stubborn bacillus Pityrosporum ovale!

A wealth of scientific data, amassed in laboratory and clinic, now clearly points to *germicidal* treatment of dandruff. And clinics have proved that Listerine Antiseptic, famous for more than 25 years as a germicidal mouthwash and gargle, *does* master dandruff . . . *does* kill the dandruff germ!

In one clinic, 76% of the patients who used Listerine Antiseptic twice a day showed either complete disappearance of, or marked improvement in, the symptoms of dandruff within a month.

If you have any evidence of dandruff, start your own delightful Listerine Antiseptic treatments today. And look for results such as others got. Even after dandruff has disappeared it is a wise policy to take an occasional treatment to guard against reinfection. Lambert Pharmacal Company, *St. Louis, Mo.*



"Last year my husband had a bad case of dandruff. Nothing he tried seemed to do any good for it. Finally I persuaded him to try Listerine Antiseptic. At the end of three weeks his dandruff had completely disappeared. A few months ago one of the children's hair showed signs of dandruff for the first time. Listerine Antiseptic cleared that case up within ten days! Now we all take a Listerine Antiseptic treatment once or twice a month 'just in case,' and we haven't had even a suggestion of dandruff since."

MRS. ERWIN CARLSTEDT
Box 507, Boynton, Fla.

"I have been a dandruff victim for years. Lately it became very bad and I could shampoo my hair every day and have just as much dandruff at night. As a last resort I tried Listerine and after four days it was entirely gone. Now I have not the slightest trace of it."

RICHARD SCHNACKENBERG
New York, N. Y.





"Since using Listerine Antiseptic as a preventive for dandruff, I really feel safe as to my appearance in public."

HENRY W. SCHLETER
Oshkosh, Wis.

"I was comparatively a young woman when I turned grey. This was some twenty years ago. My scalp was in bad condition, and my hair was falling out badly.

"I had the idea of trying Listerine, and after the first treatment my hair stopped falling out, and dandruff was practically gone.

"Since that time I have used nothing except Listerine Antiseptic on my scalp. And at 65 my hair is snow white and I have a perfectly healthy and normal scalp."

MRS. PAUL NESBITT
Chama, New Mexico



THE TREATMENT

MEN: Douse Listerine Antiseptic on the scalp *at least once a day.*
WOMEN: Part the hair at various places, and apply Listerine Antiseptic right along the part with a medicine dropper, to avoid wetting the hair excessively.

Always follow with vigorous and persistent massage. But don't expect overnight results, because germ conditions cannot be cleared up that fast.

Genuine Listerine Antiseptic is guaranteed not to bleach the hair or affect texture.



LISTERINE THE *PROVED* TREATMENT FOR **DANDRUFF**



Hooded robe in terry cloth with cord belt, multi-colored stripes on sleeves and hem.

Her striking beach coat arrested his glance but what kept him looking was her smile!

Your smile is a treasure that's yours alone. Help guard it with Ipana and Massage!



Don't neglect "Pink Tooth Brush"—Ipana and massage promotes firmer gums, brighter smiles!

A BOLDLY STRIPED beach robe can do loads for a girl. But where is her charm without a lovely smile?

For how soon the spell of style is broken if her smile is dull and dingy. No one can be more pathetic than the girl who concentrates on lovely clothes, and ignores the warning of "pink tooth brush."

Learn a lesson from her, yourself, but turn it to good account! Remember, you can't neglect the modern care of your teeth and gums, and hope to save your charm.

Never Ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"

If you see that warning tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush, don't ignore it—*see your dentist at once!* It may mean nothing serious. Very often, he'll tell you that modern soft, creamy foods are to blame—foods that deprive your gums of the vigorous chewing workouts they need for health.

"More exercise" may be his advice and, very often, "the helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage." For Ipana is designed not only to clean teeth thoroughly but, with massage, to help the gums as well. Each time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana into your gums. Circulation quickens in the gums... lazy gums awaken, tend to become firmer, healthier.

Get a tube of economical Ipana Tooth Paste at your druggist's today. Let Ipana and massage help you to brighter teeth, firmer, healthier gums—a winning smile!



IPANA TOOTH PASTE

JUN 30 1939
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The Opening Chorus

THE LETTER FROM LIZA

DEAR ED:

Once to every woman—and *only* once, except to Elsa Maxwell—comes a big party. Claudette Colbert has felt one coming on for sometime now and finally a few Saturday nights back it caught up with her. She ordered a big tent put on the terrace (a party isn't a party in Hollywood without a tent) with lovely cellophane sides so that the guests might see the gardens outside and at the same time be protected from the chilly night air—in California, you know, we sleep under blankets, even in summer. Well, I soon fixed it so that the guests had to go scampering for their sables and silver fox. It was in the midst of a Cuban tango, and I've always prided myself on my tango, when Tyrone Power gave me a twirl, and I twirled right off the dance floor and through the cellophane into the pansy bed—that boy doesn't know his own strength. But I must say Ty *is* a gentleman. He proceeded to twirl himself smack through the cellophane too, and insists to this day that *he* broke it. Now naturally Claudette wasn't any too pleased by this unexpected bit of circus entertainment at her very formal party (and she knew darned well who *really* broke the cellophane), but she was very sweet and pretended not to notice that her lovely tent had a gap in it.



Liza's tango with Ty Power turned out to be quite a headache for Claudette.

That, of course, was only *one* of the things that Claudette, as a hostess, had to put up with that night. Omar the tent-maker hadn't done the tent right and it had to be done over a few seconds before the first guests arrived—and of course Claudette wasn't dressed when the first guests arrived. A dozen or so guests took the time they were invited literally and actually arrived on the appointed hour, while a few other guests, including myself, didn't arrive until ten thirty, and when you've prepared dinner for nine-thirty it's just a wonder that anything's fit to eat by ten-thirty. Claudette smiled sweetly, but a little sickly when she thought of the turkey and the chicken drying away to a fine old parchment. One of the extra "help" drank more champagne than he served, somebody upset coffee on the living room rug, and a few friendly souls, including myself, stayed until six-thirty in the morning. Having smiled sweetly and hostessy for eleven hours running Claudette collapsed as the last car rolled away, and slept for two days. I wouldn't blame her if she *never* invited me again.

Liza

REFLECTING *the* MAGIC *of* HOLLYWOOD

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COVER PORTRAIT OF JEAN ARTHUR BY MARLAND STONE

V. G. Heimbucher, President Paul C. Hunter, Vice President and Publisher D. H. Lapham, Secretary and Treasurer

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MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

Lady Esther asks

"Where's the girl who wants to be LUCKY in LOVE?"



If *you* do—why let the wrong shade of powder hold you back? Find the one shade of my powder that is *Lucky For You!*

ARE YOU a "powder-guesser"?—a girl who merely *thinks* the powder she is using is *really right*—the lucky powder for her? Can you be sure the shade you use today doesn't actually age you—or dim the freshness of your skin? It's so very difficult to *know*. For powder shades are always deceiving, and unless you compare them *right on your own skin* you may never find the one shade that makes you a *lovelier* and a *luckier* you.

I know that this is hard to believe. Yet I have seen hundreds of girls innocently sacrifice their own good looks. Innocently, they were using a powder shade that made their skin look coarse...made them look older... that spoiled their beauty when eyes looked *close*.

Don't risk it—please! Find among my ten thrilling new shades of powder the one shade that can bring you luck—the one shade that will flatter you *most*.



Your Lucky Shade. So I urge you, compare, compare, COMPARE! Send for all ten of my samples, which I'm glad to send you *free*. Try *all* ten of my shades. Don't skip even one! For the shade you never thought you could wear may be the one really *right* shade for your skin!

The minute you find it, your eyes will know! Other women will tell you that you look fresher and younger... and men will say to themselves, "She's lovely."

A True Beauty Powder. When you receive my ten shades—and make your "Lucky Shade Test"—you will find two amazing qualities in this superfine powder. It's free from the slightest hint of coarseness. And it clings four full hours! If you use it after dinner you will be free of powder worries until midnight!

So write me today for the ten shades of my powder...free. Find your lucky shade—and let it flatter your beauty *always*—help you win more luck in life and love.

"I'm glad that I found my lucky shade of Lady Esther Face Powder. It brought me luck in love."

(You can paste this on a (45) penny postcard)

LADY ESTHER,
7162 West 65th Street, Chicago, Illinois

FREE! Please send me FREE AND POSTPAID your 10 new shades of face powder, also a tube of your Four Purpose Face Cream.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

(*If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.*)

LADY ESTHER POWDER

CRYING WON'T HELP YOU IF YOU'RE SKINNY, RUNDOWN, NERVOUS



Posed by professional model

THOUSANDS GAIN 10 TO 25 LBS., NEW STRENGTH THIS SCIENTIFIC WAY

YOU may think your case is hopeless—that you're just naturally skinny, rundown—often tired and nervous. But as a result of recent scientific discoveries thousands of men and women who never could seem to gain before have put on 10 to 25 pounds of naturally attractive flesh. They've gained normal health, normal nerves, new pep, and all the new friends and good times these bring—by simply taking these scientifically prepared Vitamin B and iron tablets known as Ironized Yeast tablets, for a few short weeks.

Why this builds up so quickly

You see, it has now been scientifically proved that thousands of people are thin, wornout and cranky—hardly able to eat, sleep or work—simply because they do not get sufficient Vitamin B and iron from their daily food. Without enough of these two vital substances you may lack appetite and not get the most body-building good out of what you eat.

Now you get these exact missing substances in these easy-to-take little Ironized Yeast tablets. So by simply using their aid for a short time, great numbers of formerly rundown men and women have easily put on just the pounds they needed—gained new pep and much greater attractiveness of appearance—and won new friends and new joy in life.

Make this money-back test

Get Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today. If with the first package you don't eat better and FEEL better, with much more strength and pep—if you're not convinced that Ironized Yeast will give you the normally attractive pounds, new energy and life you've longed for, the price of this first package will be promptly refunded by the Ironized Yeast Co., Atlanta, Ga.

Only be sure you get the genuine Ironized Yeast. Don't take one of the many cheap inferior substitutes which do not give the same results. Look for the letters "IY" stamped on each tablet. That assures the genuine.

Special offer!

To start thousands building up their health right away, we make this special offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results with the first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 268, Atlanta, Ga.

TUNE IN ON JOHN J. ANTHONY'S GOOD WILL HOUR. See your local newspaper for exact time and station.

Tips on Pictures



A very romantic scene from "Should a Girl Marry?" with Anne Nagle looking at Warren Hull with that dreamy something or other in her eyes.

BOY FRIEND—Fair. Little Jane Withers (and, by the way, she's not so little any more), carries this light-weight yarn on her own capable shoulders. The plot is woven around the trials and tribulations of rookies in a police school, with Jane getting herself mixed in with all their doings. She sings several tuneful numbers very cutely and, where romance is concerned, is nicely aided and abetted by Arleen Whalen and Richard Bond. (George Ernest.)

CALLING DR. KILDARE—Good. The second in the series of "doctor" pictures starring Lew Ayres and Lionel Barrymore. This trip Young Dr. Kildare gets himself badly involved with the underworld, and the plot, while sheer melodrama, manages to be engrossing throughout. Nat Pendleton is in again for some high comedy moments and feminine pulchritude is represented by Laraine Day and Lana Turner.

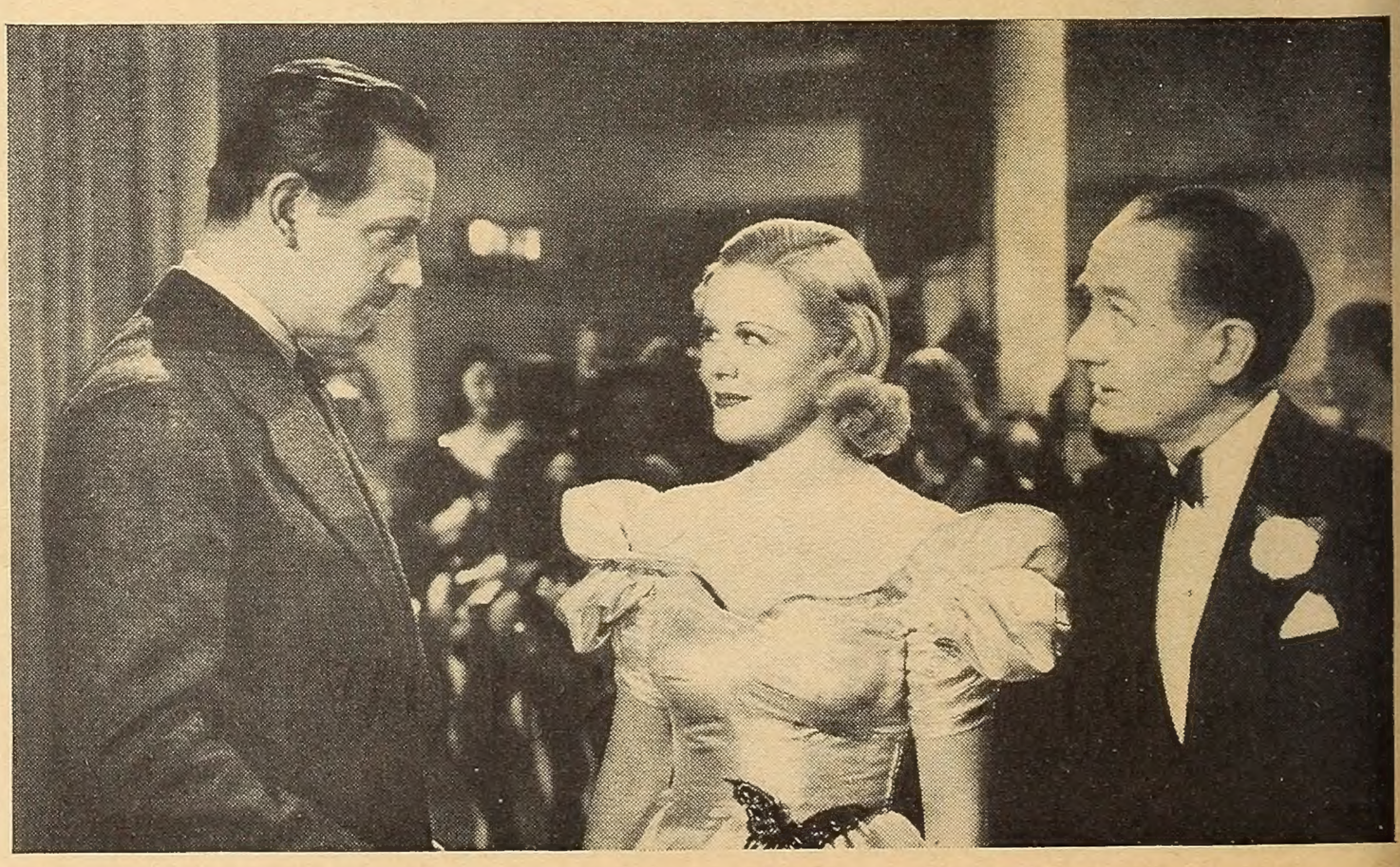
CONFESSIONS OF A NAZI SPY—Fine. The sensational German spy trial of several months back furnishes the theme for this intensely absorbing picture. The producers don't mince words here, and you will have a very good idea of the way insidious foreign propaganda gets across in the United States—also how its perpetrators fare when the Federal Bureau of Investigation gets wise to them. (Paul Lukas, Edw. G. Robinson, Francis Lederer).

EX-CHAMP—Good. A heart-throbber about an aging prizefighter who, in order to rear his son and daughter in the style to which he would like them to grow accustomed, becomes a night-club doorman while training a promising young pugilist in his spare time. The son's ambitions almost land him in jail, but good old papa manages to get him cleared. (Nan Grey, Tom Brown, Donald Briggs, Wm. Frawley, Constance Moore).

EXILE EXPRESS—Fair. Because Anna Sten is so lovely to look at and could really act if given the right chance, we hate to report that this film won't boost her stock. It is the story of a Russian girl involved in a murder just on the eve of becoming an American citizen. All manner of melodramatics occur when she is being deported, but none of them ring true. (Alan Marshall).

GORILLA, THE—Good. If you go for

Melvyn Douglas, Florence George and Phil Tead in "Tell No Tales." Melvyn's a newspaper editor turned sleuth, all in the interest of the *plot*.



Romance is always "Just around the corner" for Jane!



No need for a girl to spoil her own chances when MUM so surely guards charm!

A GAY PARTY—a pretty new dress—and so becoming! For months Jane had dreamed that this would be *her* evening, *her* night to win romance! But when it came, it was the *other* girls who got the masculine attention. Romance seemed everywhere—why couldn't it come to Jane?

Romance *can't* come to the girl who is guilty of underarm odor. This fault, above all faults, is one that men can't stand. Yet today there are actually thousands of "Janes" who court disaster... girls who neglect to use Mum!

It's a mistake to think a bath alone will protect you from underarm odor! Realize that a bath removes only *past* perspiration, that Mum *prevents* odor... then you'll play safe. More women use Mum than any other deodorant—more screen stars, more nurses—more girls who know that underarms need *special* care—not occasionally, but *every day! You'll* like this pleasant cream!

MUM IS QUICK! It takes 30 seconds—practically no time at all—for Mum!

MUM IS SAFE! The Seal of the American Institute of Laundering tells you Mum is harmless to fabrics. You can apply it *after* you're dressed. And even after underarm shaving Mum soothes your skin.

MUM IS SURE! Without stopping perspiration, Mum stops underarm odor. Get Mum today at any druggist's. Remember, *any* girl can lose romance if she's guilty of odor! Make sure of *your* charm! Play safe—guard your popularity with Mum!

AVOID THIS EMBARRASSMENT! Thousands of women make a habit of Mum for sanitary napkin use. Mum is gentle, safe...frees you from worry of offending.

MORE MOVIE STARS, MORE NURSES, MORE WOMEN, USE MUM



MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION



NO stay-at-home week-ends, no calendar days—if you use *Tampax* for sanitary protection. Even in a modern swim suit there is nothing to "show" —no line or edge of belt or napkin. Tampax is *worn internally,* acting gently as an absorbent and allowing you to golf, ride, bathe, swim—in comfort, without chafing, without the formation of odor!

Perfected by a doctor, Tampax is made of pure, long-fibered surgical cotton. Firmly cross-stitched, it cannot come apart and fail in protection. Each sealed in patented applicator—neat, quick, dainty. Your hands do not even touch the Tampax. Quite unlike any other product, because it flattens out to a thin shape in use. No disposal difficulties. Comfortable and efficient, the Tampax way is the civilized way for women.

At drug stores and notion counters. Average month's supply, 35¢. Introductory package, 20¢. As much as 25% may be saved by purchasing economy package of 40.

NOW SOLD IN TWO SIZES REGULAR and JUNIOR

Accepted for advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association.



TAMPAX INCORPORATED SU-89
New Brunswick, N. J.

Please send me in plain wrapper the new trial package of Tampax. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or silver) to cover cost of mailing. Size is checked below:

() REGULAR TAMPAX () JUNIOR TAMPAX

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____



Helen Twelvetrees gets prizefighters Buck Jones and Larry Crabbe all set to knock 'em dead in "Unmarried."

spine-chilling, hair-raising meller, spiced with burlesque clowning by the Ritz Brothers, you're all set with this film. The story, pure hokum of course, concerns a gorilla from a travelling circus which is running wild and menacing the lives of some of our principle characters. Excellent cast includes Sid Silvers, Lionel Atwill, Patsy Kelly, Bela Lugosi (even his name makes you shudder in anticipation) and Anita Louise.

JONES FAMILY IN HOLLYWOOD, THE—Fine. If you're already acquainted with the Joneses, you'll enjoy their new opus immensely. And, if you're a newcomer, this is a fine time to make their acquaintance because their adventures in the film capital are highly amusing. (Spring Byington, Ken Howell, June Carlson, Florence Roberts).

JUAREZ—Splendid. The tragic story of Maximilian and Carlotta of Hapsburg, who were made Emperor and Empress of Mexico by Napoleon the 3rd of France, in 1860. Resenting this so-called dictatorship, Juarez, the great Indian leader, emancipates his people from this foreign yoke, with the result that Maximilian is killed and Carlotta goes insane. Perfect cast includes Brian Aherne, Bette Davis, Paul Muni.

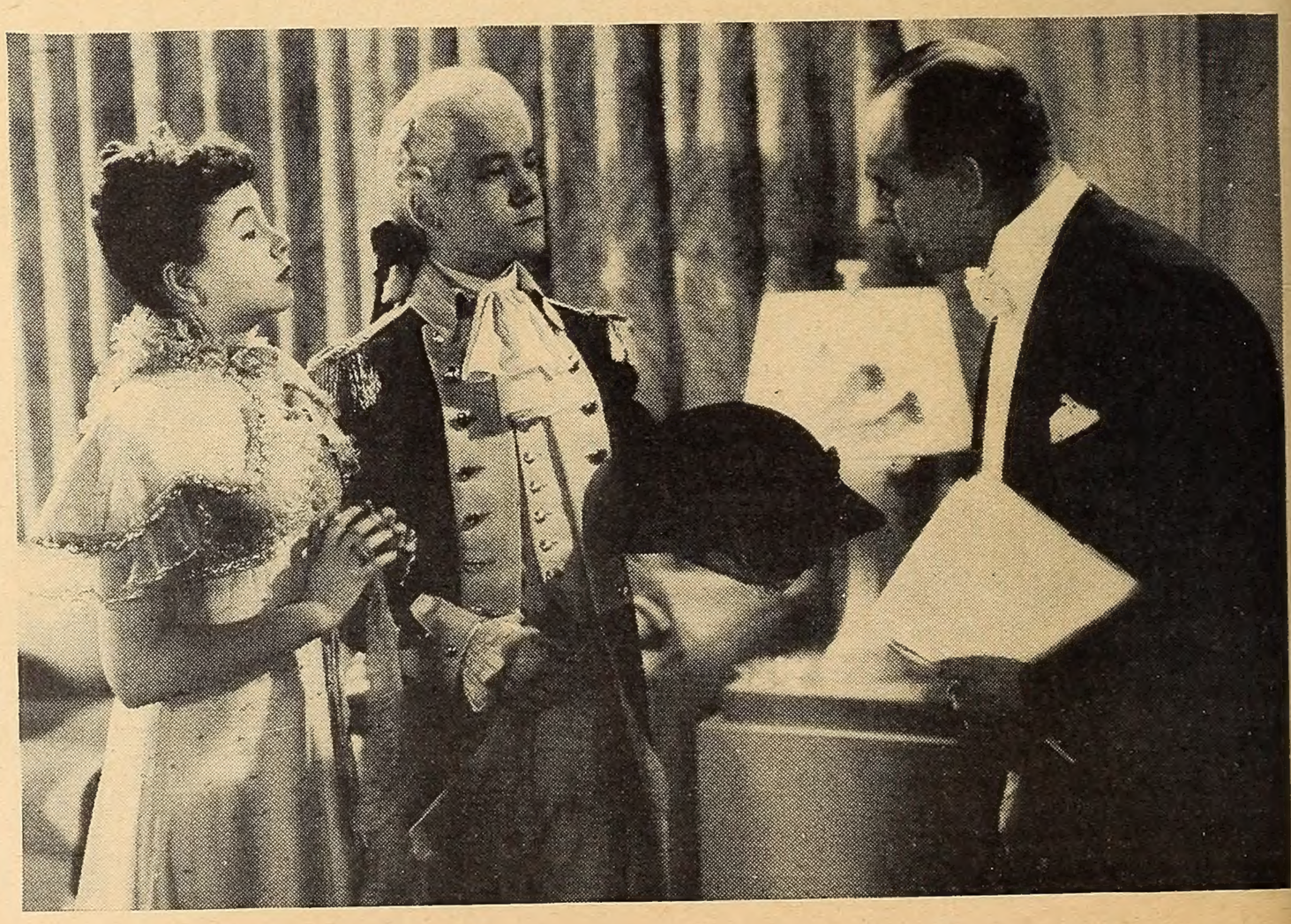
LUCKY NIGHT—Fair. One of those utterly whimsical tales of a madcap marriage between a bored heiress and a man of the people—Myrna Loy and Robert Taylor, to be exact. If you're in a highly lenient mood, you'll love their bickerings and also their billing and cooing. But 'eaven 'elp you, if you're in a critical mood. Nuff sed!

MOUNTAIN RHYTHM—Fine. When westerns are good, they're really something. And this Gene Autry opus will definitely satisfy all lovers of good blood and thunder melodrama. The plot is the usual bang-up ranching meller, with a gold-rush thrown in for good measure. And, of course, Gene sings several ditties very engagingly. (June Storey).

OPPENHEIM FAMILY, THE—Excellent. Like "Professor Mamlock," our last dramatic film from the Russian film

[*Continued on page* 17]

This little girl acting like a *Grande Dame* is Jane Withers in "Boy Friend." George Ernest is the cavalier making an effort to impress the waiter.





We gave you Hedy Lamarr. Now we give you America's New No. 1 Glamour Girl (voted "first in allure" by jury of motion picture critics) in her first big starring role . . . An exciting story of romance and front-page headlines against the background of Dartmouth College's colorful *Winter Carnival.*



SHE WAS "HARD TO HANDLE" —UNTIL SHE MET THE HANDSOME YOUNG PROFESSOR.

Ann Sheridan in the Season's Gayest Picture

"WINTER CARNIVAL"

with Richard Carlson

Helen Parrish, Robert Armstrong
Virginia Gilmore, Alan Baldwin

Original screen play by Budd Schulberg, Maurice Rapf and Lester Cole . . . Music by Werner Janssen

A WALTER WANGER Production • Directed by CHARLES F. RIESNER • Released thru United Artists



NONSPI CREAM

Does Both!

Because of an entirely new ingredient never before used in a deodorant!

Whether you prefer cream deodorants for steady use, or for those occasions when a liquid is inconvenient, you will welcome Nonspi Cream for its outstanding advantages:

1. Checks *both* perspiration and odor—from 1 to 3 days.

2. Feels and looks like velvety vanishing cream. Goes on easily—dries almost instantly. Not greasy.

3. May be used directly after shaving.

4. Has a reaction approximating that of the normal skin—so cannot injure either skin or clothing.

5. Works on new principle—"adsorbs" odors.

Be one of the first to take advantage of this wonderful new discovery of science! Get a generous jar of Nonspi Cream—today. 50¢ at drug or department stores. *Also in liquid form.*



Winners in the April Contest "*Letters of Criticism*"

Readers speak their minds about the movies they've been seeing



The Three Ritz Brothers in "The Three Musketeers" didn't please the winner of the first prize who amusingly explains why such pictures should not be produced.

The $50.00 First Prize Letter

Dear Editor:

When I was a lad, D'Artagnan and the incomparable three musketeers were my boyhood heroes.

Imagine the shock I got recently when I went to see The Three Musketeers on the screen. It was a caricature!

Why do movie producers do this? It hurt my boyhood sense of dramatic values incalculably to have the romance of Athos, Porthos and Aramis stolen in triplicate by those incorrigible Ritz Brothers. I went to see DRAMAH, with a big capital D, and got low comedy! And I soon discovered that my hero, D'Artagnan, had "gone and took" singing lessons.

Burlesquing this popular historical drama is like tweaking the great Cyrano de Bergerac's nose. And Cyrano, I expect, will be the next victim. Particularly the nose. Which won't be funny at all.

My prayer to producers is: Please leave our sacred childhood memories. Stop caricaturing those we have come to love!

Sincerely,
Thom Gaskell,
Albany, N. Y.

Honorable Mention
($5.00 Is Paid For Every Letter Printed)

Dear Sir:

It is now many weeks since I saw "Dawn Patrol" but the impression it made shall remain with me as long as I live. I am in my twenties—a potential soldier. but whatever glamour war formerly held for me, was lost in the senseless slaughter of those young lads.

The WORLD has a crying need for more of these revelations. Mr. Dictator, I DARE you to expose your subjects to movies like this one. I'm betting, twenty to one, that your career would fold up like the proverbial tent. And, in this country, members of the anti-American factions would soon step back into the democratic brotherhood, thankful that they didn't get as far as "revolution."

Hollywood has more influence over our present and coming generations than any president. So Hollywood, give us the sermons we need—sow the seeds of peace in the heart of every human being. Give us more pictures that "pack a punch"—the "Dawn Patrol" variety.

Sincerely,
Murrell C. Wellman,
Joliet, Ill.

Dear Sir:

Although heartily endorsing the slogan, "Movies are your best entertainment," I have just one criticism to make, and this irks me, no end! That is excessive kissing between members of the same family. Never in real life, unless they are emotionally unstable, do sisters, fathers and sons hug and kiss each other so frequently or with the abandon the screen portrays.

I have been nauseated many times by such sloppy scenes, and have heard many comment "Families never act like that!"

Sincerely,
Anne Swartwout,
Lake Worth, Fla.

Dear Sir:

My husband and I often decide on the spur of the moment to see a movie. Not having a movie guide handy, we scan the evening paper to see what sounds good. Many times, as we reach the end of eight or ten titles, our enthusiasm diminishes. This, we know, happens not only to ourselves, but to many other couples as well.

Movie executives wonder why theatres are not filled. Recession? Perhaps. But many good pictures would gain larger audiences if scenario writers would select titles that are more alive and inviting.

Respectfully yours,
Mrs. John W. Tuttle,
Bloomfield, N. J.

Twice IN A LIFETIME

A Motion Picture Like This . . .



Once, on a rare occasion, you've sat in a theatre—that magically ceased to exist! Under the spell of the picture unfolding, that world on the screen became *your* world. And there you lived, and loved, and laughed, and cried with those whose feelings became *your* feelings, whose story became your very own.

Such a picture, we believe, was "Four Daughters." . . . Now, certainly, just such a picture is this!

Here, once again, the same celebrated players. Here, again, a story, though different, sure to be cherished as long as your heart has room for love!

"DAUGHTERS COURAGEOUS"



We couldn't better the "Four Daughters" cast—so we've reunited them for a still better picture!

JOHN GARFIELD

CLAUDE RAINS • JEFFREY LYNN

FAY BAINTER • DONALD CRISP

MAY ROBSON • FRANK McHUGH • DICK FORAN

and THE "FOUR DAUGHTERS"

PRISCILLA LANE

ROSEMARY LANE

LOLA LANE

GALE PAGE

Directed by MICHAEL CURTIZ

PREVIEWED BY WALTER WINCHELL:

"'Daughters Courageous' is superior to 'Four Daughters'!"

Original Screen Play by
Julius J. and Phillip G. Epstein
Suggested by a Play by
Dorothy Bennett and Irving White
Music by Max Steiner
A First National Picture
Presented by
WARNER BROS.

How ONE star was made



"Central casting office calling. Miss La Due to report to Mr. Duane tomorrow at seven."



"I just can't go — at this time of the month! I'd be humiliated to death!"



"Straighten up, Joan — haven't you heard of Holly-Pax? Holly-Pax gives protection internally, invisibly. Many of the stars use it."



"You played that scene marvelously, Miss La Due. I'm sure you'll steal the picture!"

FROM Hollywood, world center of fashion and feminine smartness, comes the truly modern mode of sanitary protection — the *invisible*, *internal* protection of Holly-Pax.

Developed for screen stars who must be always active, Holly-Pax enables normal women to go through *every day* of the month with her secret her own. Used internally, Holly-Pax banishes pads, pins, belts. Holly-Pax doesn't betray itself — even in a swim suit! Its comfort is amazing. No chafing, no binding, no secret fear. Due to its method of absorption, no odor can form. What peace of mind this advantage alone will bring you!

Available at drug, department and ten cent stores — package of four, 10 cents; package of ten, 20 cents.

holly-Pax

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

20c for package of ten



HOLLY-PAX S89
Palms Station, Hollywood, California

For the enclosed 10c please send me a trial package of four Holly-Pax.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....



"Oh, to be Cool and Comfy!"

Here are answers to some of your hot-weather beauty and comfort problems

By Mary Lee

Marjorie Weaver has the right idea for a warm interlude, a few minutes out for a refreshing drink. "Cool drinks are more cooling than iced ones," says Marjorie. And right she is.

AS THE thermometer climbs and we droop, victims of heat and humidity, nation-wide rises this weather wish: "Oh, to be cool and comfortable again!" Of course you can't control the thermometer, but you can do much to control your appearance, your comfort and your attitude on heat—to achieve a crisp, cool look. You are up against exactly the same situation the stars find themselves in from time to time on location, and you can meet it as successfully as they.

A good and frequent shampoo is a wonderful cooler. And I wonder if you've ever noticed how face skin seems to correspond to the condition of your scalp? You may have noticed that when hair is dusty, flat with oil and summer dampness, your skin, too, seems excessively oily or moist; how when your hair is lightened and brightened by a good cleansing, your skin seems to pick up several degrees in clarity. At least, this is certainly my observation. At no season is beautifully clean, healthy, fragrant hair more an asset than in summer, when it is a very conspicuous part of your person. At no time, either, is evidence of dandruff more of a social menace. If dandruff is your problem, I think you will find the answer in the Zonite Dandruff Treatment package, now on sale. This package contains enough to last normally from five to six weeks. For dandruff (resulting from germs), it is suggested that the treatment be used twice a week at first, then later reduced to once a week. The treatment is simple, and consists of the use of Zonite, according to directions, plus the use of a gentle cleanser, Barcelona Castile Shampoo, which is included in the Zonite Dandruff Treatment package. The treatment is designed to kill dandruff or other germs and to gently and thoroughly cleanse your hair. Zonite is backed by very thorough laboratory tests as to its germ-killing, harmless and non-caustic qualities, while Barcelona Castile Shampoo as a cleanser has long been used by many fine hair salons. This treatment may end, for many, that preva-



A choice in summer coiffures. Cecilia Parker's is cool, but requires care. A hair net helps.



Gale Sondergard's beach towel will later protect her shoulders from sunburn, after a briny dip.

lent beauty problem—dandruff.

For summer, you will find that your hair worn up or slightly up, even, is much cooler than down about your neck; however, the up hair frankly is often more trouble, so decide this for yourself. If you do wear it up, especially in open cars, boats or in the face of that precious,



Constance Moore's curls a la bob are pretty, but quite warm. So make your own choice, readers.

cooling breeze, then why not try a hair net? Hair nets are back in vogue—definitely—and the Venidas, AdjuStyle fringe net or Cap-Shape net, of real hair, will keep your curls in beautiful order and be practically invisible. I find, by close scrutiny only, that a number of the stars who pose for new coiffures wear a net to retain a perfectly arranged head, no easy task, ordinarily, with a curl here, a roll there, or a sleek sweep of shining hair that depends upon smoothness for beauty. Under a strong sun, do wear a hat with a brim. This will protect both skin and hair from drying, burning heat.

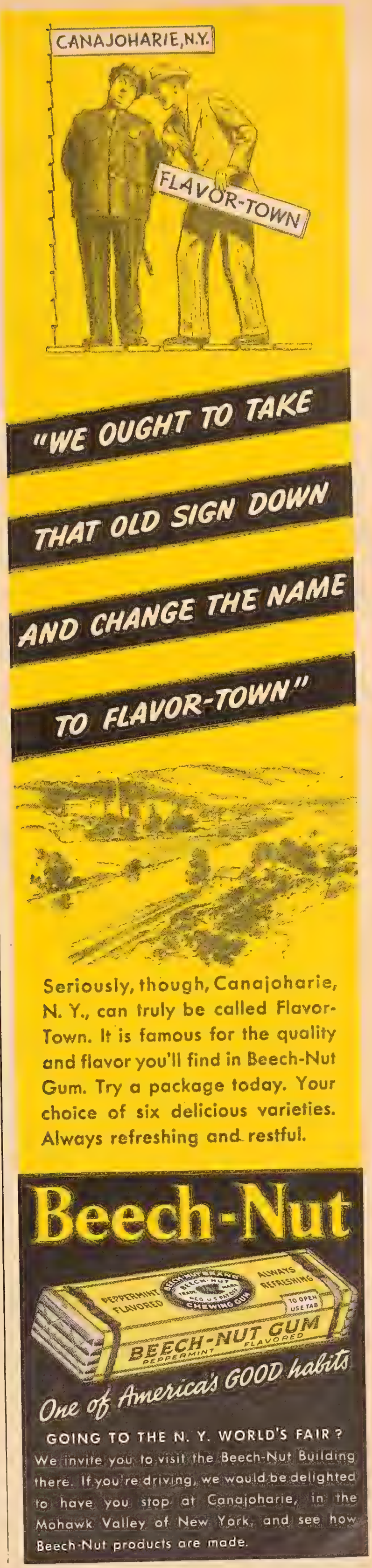
Plenty of soap and water *and* plenty of cream for that summer skin. Use both, as part of the same cleansing ritual, cream to take off make-up, then a good bathing, or alternate the use throughout your day. This is balanced cleansing. Very new is Dorothy Gray's Hot Weather Cleansing Cream. Very cleansing and refreshing and actually cooling to your skin. There are grand cleansing and comfort qualities in this cream. One whiff, one look, and you may think you have a delicious dessert before you. But don't eat it; use it, instead!

For all skins, a powder base is especially necessary in summer. This will hold your make-up, prevent that moist look that unadorned skin takes on with heat, and it will help greatly in protecting you against burn and freckles. Especially is this true of freckles—a good powder base and powder, and there is Hollywood's formula for preventing them. Arleen Whalen is one of the younger definite freckle types—red hair, gray-green-hazel eyes, and flower skin, you know this type. There are plenty of other frecklers, too, in Hollywood, among them Kay Francis and Myrna Loy. One of the most perfect all-purpose powder bases I've ever used is Hampden's Powd'r-Base, in stick form, easy to use, easy to carry with you. It is not greasy, is light textured and gives skin that soft, mat finish. It is water-proof; you may go in and come out of the brine, still looking lovely; you can play tennis, golf, ride or dance, and still look pretty. It will help hide freckles and little lines, or help prevent them, because of the light but clinging protection it gives skin.

For beauty's sake, apply slightly less make-up in summer. Heat flushes and adds color. If your lipstick softens with heat, apply, then press your powder puff over your lips, apply the lipstick again and blot gently with tissues. This helps set the color. Just the other day, Ida Lupino commented on this old but excellent idea. Now, too, is a grand time to try Liquid Lip Tone, by Princess Pat. It creates such rich, youthful color (there are seven dramatic tones), such perfect lip-line, and is so lasting. There is no oil or grease in Lip Tone to smudge off on napkins, silver or another's lips! Important, that, if you have anyone to kiss. To swim, to play games, to dance and do all the happy things, and to know your lips still have fresh, sculptured beauty is indeed something.

Now for your body: preferably slightly warm or cool baths for summer—not hot and never really cold. Plenty of eau de Cologne or toilet water, followed by a

[*Continued on page* 17]



THE NEW
Double-Purpose
CREAM
DEODORANT



stops perspiration | *also deodorizes*

At last!
a pure, scientific cream that does both. Tested and approved by American Institute of Laundering as *harmless to fabrics.* You will be ever so fresh and safe with DRI-DEW.

WILL NOT DRY UP IN JAR
safe • sure • long lasting
not greasy • non-irritating
instantly effective • odorless

Dri-Dew (cream) 10c, 29c
Instant Dew (liquid) 10c, 25c, 50c

Send for *free* booklet, "Your Key to Personal Loveliness," to Pearson Pharmacal Co., SU-8, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N. Y.

dri-dew
STOPS PERSPIRATION
stops perspiration odor

Clear, Soothe,
TIRED EYES*
IN SECONDS!



Only TWO DROPS of this eye specialist's formula WASHES, soothes, CLEARS dull, tired eyes. Its special, EXCLUSIVE ingredient instantly clears eyes red and inflamed *(from late hours, fatigue, etc.).



Thousands prefer stainless, sanitary, safe EYE-GENE, because it is quickly EFFECTIVE in making EYES FEEL GOOD. WASH your eyes with EYE-GENE today. On sale at drug, department and ten-cent stores.



USE

Tested and Approved
Good Housekeeping Bureau
GOOD HOUSEKEEPING MAGAZINE

EYE-GENE

Try Priscilla Lane's

Priscilla figured this test out all by herself. If you do it honestly you'll be quite surprised what you find out about yourself.



Are you really in love or aren't you? Here's your chance to find out.

By Jerry Lane

"LOVE," said the blond bombshell of the Lanes, "is like being on a flying trapeze. You float through the air with the greatest of ease—maybe. And maybe you land *socko* without any shock absorbers.

"That's why, before a girl does any cloud-walking, she ought to take the blinders off love. Find out what it's all about. And if you have four sisters like I have, well you're likely to get some pretty good tips! So I have worked out a kind of test," admitted Priscilla. "Something definite to go by."

And here it is, replete with technique, romance gauge and all. Just, says Pat, answer "Yes" or "No" to each question and let your conscience be your guide!

Instructions on how to get your score are on page 16.

SIZING UP YOUR MAN!

1. Does he drive:
(a) As if he had a nest of hornets on his tail light? ————
(b) As if he owned the road and most of the fire hydrants? ————
(c) Like a steady pilot, able to steer his own course—and maybe yours? ————

2. Is he liable to turn on loud speaker effects around twelve o'clock? ————

3. When other men pay you compliments, does he:
(a) Grin and bear it? ————
(b) Get very annoyed? ————

4. Is he a nicey? That is, does he remember (well most of the time anyhow!) to light your cigarette, for instance, and remove his hat? ————

5. Do men *whose judgment you respect* like him? ————

6. When you're out for a Time, does he:
(a) Get very chummy with the headwaiter and order with a flourish? ————
(b) Argue, full blast, over the dinner check? ————

7. Can you have as much fun with him at a hot dog stand as at a swanky night spot? ————

8. Is his imagination in good working order? (For example, does he arrange surprise dates occasionally, and keep you guessing just a little bit about what he'll do or say next?) ————

9. Has he some line of work in which he's head-over-heels interested? ————

10. Does he make you feel self-confident and right on top when you're with him? ————

LOVE—OR A HEADACHE?

(*How is a girl to know the Real Thing?*)

1. There is a gorgeous zaniness about romance—but if kisses in the moonlight had no part in it, would you *still* be interested in talking with him, wanting to be with him? (Careful now!) ————

2. Do you feel:
(a) Wildly uncertain at times? ————
(b) Lonely as you did before you met him? ————
(c) That "after we're married I can

Romance Test

change this or that in him?" ———

3. Does doing the dishes even seem a lark so long as you do it together? ———

4. Would you be willing to wear last year's hat and scrub floors (the test of tests!) just to be with him? ———

5. When you've been off for the whole day together—and maybe you've had ants in your picnic lunch and burrs on your stockings!—do you come back feeling just a *leetle* bit bored? ———

6. Do you:

(a) Pity him and get that mother-with-a-small-boy complex every time you see him? ———

(b) Feel superior to him? ———

7. Are you just as goofy about him at 9 A.M. with his old clothes on and his hair on end as you are at 9 P.M. when he's all slicked up? ———

8. Do you feel the world would hang together just the same if you *didn't* marry him? ———

9. Have you an overwhelming urge to give him your Life's History—even to the little hurts and disappointments? ———

10. Does it make you:

(a) Deeply content to be with him? ———

(b) Have that sense of we're-two-against-the-world? ———

WORKING OUT A SYSTEM?

1. Should a girl be a heavy petter to get the Head Man? ———

2. Should she:

(a) Play up other men to him to show she's popular, b'gosh? ———

(b) Subtly play down other girls ("Sue? Oh, she's a *darling*—but you should see her without her lipstick!") ———

3. Is good old comradery as important as kisses? ———

4. Has he ever told you that being with you makes him feel as if he could lick the world? ———

5. If he stays away without apparent reason for a week or so (and even the best of 'em are apt to!) should you:

(a) Telephone to ask what is wrong? ———

(b) Write him a note with one of those "hoping nothing may interfere with our friendship" endings? ———

(c) Keep busy with friends—and when you run into him again, act as if nothing had happened? ———

6. Do you go in for a little sentiment occasionally, such as when the orchestra plays a familiar tune and you whisper, "Remember when we first heard that one?" ———[*Continued on page* 16]



Priscilla's latest picture is "Daughters Courageous," with her sisters and John Garfield.



Avoid undie odor with Lux

Don't risk offending others! Lux undies daily! Lux removes every trace of perspiration odor, keeps undies new-looking longer. Avoid harsh soaps, cake-soap rubbing. Buy the BIG box of Lux!

—a little goes so far—Lux is **thrifty**



EXPERIENCED Mothers know that summer teething must not be trifled with—that summer upsets due to teething may seriously interfere with Baby's progress.

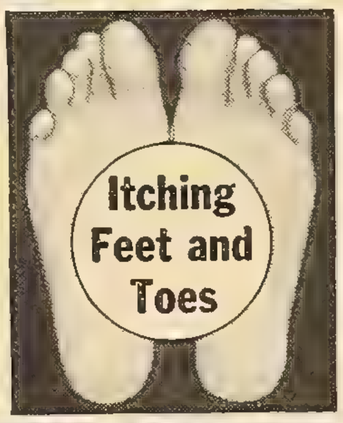
Relieve your Baby's teething pains this summer by rubbing on Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion—the actual prescription of a famous Baby specialist. It is effective and economical, and has been used and recommended by millions of Mothers. Your druggist has it.

"I found Dr. Hand's such relief to my Baby that I never needed to worry on the hottest summer day."
Mrs. Wm. H. Kempf, Williamsport, Pa.

DR. HAND'S Teething Lotion

ATHLETE'S FOOT

Look between your toes. If they itch, or if the skin is red, raw or cracked—it may be Athlete's Foot. Treat it at once with Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX. Relieves itching; kills fungi of this disease upon contact; helps restore skin to normal. Liquid or Ointment. 50¢ at all Drug, Shoe and Dept. Stores.



Dr Scholl's SOLVEX



USE MERCOLIZED WAX CREAM to help you obtain a fresher, smoother, lovelier complexion. It flakes off the duller, darker, older superficial skin in tiny, invisible particles. You will be thrilled with the wonderful improvement in your appearance. Try Mercolized Wax Cream today.

Use Phelactine Depilatory

REMOVES superfluous facial hair quickly and easily. Skin appears more attractive.

Try Saxolite Astringent

SAXOLITE Astringent refreshes the skin. Delightfully pleasant to use. Dissolve Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel and pat briskly on the skin several times a day.

Sold at all Cosmetic Counters

7. When you're out for a large evening do you focus all your attention on him as if he were the Oracle of Broadway? ———

8. If a fascinating Honey heaves in sight—and he shows some interest in the fact—should you:

(a) Take his arm possessively and steer him away? ———

(b) Burn up and let him know it? ———

(c) Be attentive to the best-looking man in the room? ———

9. Do you let him do nine-tenths of the chasing? ———

10. Do you:

(a) Go into baby talk without warning? ———

(b) Call him funny, intimate pet names in front of people? ———

(c) Freely give him advice on anything from driving a car to playing the market? ———

(d) Ask him if he loves you every time you see him? ———

MAKING LOVE LAST!

1. Have you found out the little things that bother him in women—like scarlet fingernails, or wearing slacks for "home" dates? (And do you avoid 'em!) ———

2. Do you share at least five of these interests with him: Books; music; the theater; sports, bridge, dancing; outdoor life; science; politics? ———

3. Are you pretty good at showing as much—or more—interest in his work as you do in your own? ———

4. Do you make a point of entertaining his friends? (No matter if Bill does smoke a rank pipe and Ethel is a dud!) ———

5. Are your home clothes as neat and well-planned as your formals?

6. Do you:

(a) Listen well? ———

(b) Appreciate his favorite stories as if you'd never heard them before? ———

(c) Make him feel proud of even his small achievements? ———

7. If his relatives are a little on the dour side—can you take it? (And be nice to 'em?) ———

8. Can you laugh together over even small tragedies like burnt chops? ———

9. It's great to be frank and companionable—but do you retain just an edge of mystery for him? (You may have made that doodad he admires so much on your hat out of an old silk stocking but f'heaven's sake don't tell him!) ———

10. Can you keep a man's interest best by:

(a) Appealing to his sympathy?

(b) Making him feel you're entirely dependent on him for your happiness? ———

(c) Being gay and amusing? ———

And now for the scoring! For each of your answers that correspond with those below give yourself *5* points.

SIZING UP YOUR MAN

1. (a) No
 (b) No
 (c) Yes
2. No
3. (a) Yes
 (b) No
4. Yes
5. Yes
6. (a) No
 (b) No
7. Yes
8. Yes
9. Yes
10. Yes

70 points



Bob Montgomery hops into his own swimming pool to keep cool.

LOVE—OR A HEADACHE?

1. (c) No
2. Yes
3. (a) No
 (b) No
4. Yes
5. Yes
6. No
7. (a) No
 (b) No
8. Yes
9. (a) Yes
 (b) Yes
10. Yes

70 points

WORKING OUT A SYSTEM

1. No
2. (a) No
 (b) No
3. Yes
4. Yes
5. (a) No
 (b) No
 (c) Yes
6. Yes
7. Yes
8. (a) No
 (b) No
 (c) Yes
9. Yes
10. (a) No
 (b) No
 (c) No
 (d) No

90 points

MAKING LOVE LAST

1. Yes
2. Yes
3. Yes
4. Yes
5. Yes
6. (a) Yes
 (b) Yes
 (c) Yes
7. Yes
8. Yes
9. Yes
10. (a) No
 (b) No. (No man likes to feel tied)
 (c) Yes

70 points

The highest score is *300*. If you have it—*you're due for an immediate altaration!* It's LOVE and no mistake!

If your score is between 275 and 300 . . . *Romance—de luxe edition. Forecast for Marriage: A very happy one.*

If your score is between 225 and 275 . . . *Romance—fair. Forecast for Marriage: A little on the sour side.*

If your score is between 175 and 225 . . . *Romance—0. Forecast for Marriage: 0.*

If your score is between 100 and 175 . . . *Look around for another man!*

If your score is between 0 and 100 . . . *"Thanks for the Memory, Mister!"*

Tips on Pictures

[Continued from page 8]

narts, this is a stark and grim fictional ommentary on the Nazi terror since litler's rise to power. Taken from the rofoundly moving novel by Lion Feuchtvanger, it traces the inevitable disinegration of this particular family, the nembers of which are all maligned inellectuals. English titles make the entire ilm understandable at all times. Catch his at one of your art theatres.

PANAMA LADY—Fair. For dual bills nly is this somewhat trite tale of a roup of chorus girls who are sent down o South America to supply charm and liversion to the hard-working Americans hose work brings them to the jungles. n cast, Lucille Ball, Evelyn Brent, Allan ane and Steffi Duna.

STOLEN LIFE—Excellent. Elizabeth Bergner, who is one of our favorite foreign stars, plays a dual role in this English picture telling the story of twin sisters who both become interested in he same man, a mountain-climbing explorer. He marries the flirtatious one, and when she drowns during her husband's absence in Tibet, her twin assumes her dentity with somewhat amazing results. (Michael Redgrave).

SHOULD A GIRL MARRY? Good. Anne Nagle, reared by foster-parents who nave not told her she was born in prison, ner mother being a life-termer, is about to narry a famous surgeon (Warren Hull). However, a released prisoner, knowing her true story, unwittingly is the inspiration of a blackmailing scheme against the doctor that leads to some exciting complications.

TELL NO TALES—Good. An exciting situation occurs when Melvyn Douglas, as the editor of a newspaper, tries to boost circulation, by going hell-bent-for-heaven after a kidnapping gang using their ransom note as a clue. Plenty of meat here for adventure-loving picture goers. In cast, Louise Platt, Douglas Dumbrille, Gene Lockhart, Florence George.

UNMARRIED—Good. Remember "Lady and Gent" with Wynne Gibson and George Bancroft way back in the prohibition era? Well, this is a remake, and a good one, of that theme, this time starring Helen Twelvetrees and Buck Jones. Buck, as you will see, has graduated from Westerns. The plot has to do with a prizefighter and a night club hostess, and is strong on *drahma.*

WOLF CALL—Good. In which playboy John Carroll is sent to a pitch-blend mine in the north country to report to his father on radium deposits. While there he uncovers a crooked plot to sell the mine, while finding sufficient leisure to fall in love with Movita, an Indian girl. There's plenty of action and melodrama and a wonderful dog called Grey Shadow. Jack London wrote the original.

Oh, to be Cool and Comfy!

[Continued from page 13]

shower of dusting powder. It is advisable, though not compulsory, to use such preparations of the same make. Virginia Field recently said to me, "Perfume, eau de Cologne and bath accessories should be of the same scent." April Showers has long been a favorite, and you'll find everything, perfume, eau de Cologne, bath salts, dusting powder or talcum of this sweet, springtime freshness. April Showers is delicate, sweet, sentimental and seems to belong especially with lace, pastel colors and flower hats.

Recently, on a trip, I had to stop at a very smart hotel. I was delighted to find in my bath a package of Bathasweet. This preparation makes tub bathing a joy and luxury. You add a little Bathasweet to the water. It softens it to milky smoothness, which in turn softens skin and makes it sleek as silk. It also leaves a delicious Garden Bouquet or Pine fragrance lingering on your skin. My only criticism is that once you become accustomed to Bathasweet, a plain bath seems like bread without butter. There is a grand Bathasweet soap also, soft, creamy lather that leaves skin with new beauty and freshness.

If you've ever used Nonspi deodorant, then you might like to know that Nonspi has a new sister, Nonspi Cream. It is both a deodorant and nonperspirant. You may trust this fine cream to protect you and your clothing against dampness or odor; you may use it after shaving and you may depend upon its effects from one to three days. It is as pleasant to use as a vanishing cream, gentle on the skin and gives that precious self-confidence that comes from knowing you are immaculate and fragrant.

Among some style ideas I've run across recently are lovely little flower barettes for the hair known as "Fleurettes." I think you'll find these in department stores, very reasonably priced. Perhaps you've noticed in news photographs so many important people wearing little flowers in their hair for day, with sweaters, sports and daytime frocks. Deanna Durbin recently wore a blue bouquet with soft maize sweater and blue bandana. Perhaps the South Sea Islands fashion trend started the posie in the hair. Anyway, it's a pretty style, and you'll find "Fleurettes" in many colors and flowers attached to a good, strong clip.

Very high style is Wicked White, a new nail tone by Peggy Sage. White, it appears, but not deadly. There is a faint dash of color added to give your fingers and toes an arresting lilt. Particularly effective on sun-tanned skin. I think you'll see plenty on fashionable beaches, and it's definitely something to try.

Next to being cool and comfortable, certainly looking that way is important. Think how to look cool, and you'll keep so busy you'll forget it's hot.



MENTHOLATUM
relieves SUNBURN!

WHEN the sun has burned your skin until it is hot and flaming you'll be thrilled at Mentholatum's quick and delightful relief. It brings such soothing coolness and comfort. And, its medicinal ingredients will promote more rapid healing of the injured skin. Jars or tubes, only 30c.

MENTHOLATUM
Gives COMFORT Daily



The greatest combination of talent ever gathered for one show!



Sonja HENIE

. . . radiant in her greatest role!



Tyrone POWER

. . . gay, lovable—the way he really is!

in

Irving Berlin's SECOND FIDDLE

with

RUDY VALLEE
EDNA MAY OLIVER
MARY HEALY
LYLE TALBOT
ALAN DINEHART

Irving Berlin's six new song hits . . . "the best he's ever written!"

"I'm Sorry For Myself"
"An Old Fashioned Tune Always Is New"
"Song of the Metronome"
"When Winter Comes"
"I Poured My Heart Into A Song"

and the new ballroom dance craze . . .

"Back To Back"

Directed by Sidney Lanfield

Associate Producer Gene Markey

Screen Play by Harry Tugend

Based on a story by George Bradshaw

•

A 20th Century-Fox Picture

DARRYL F. ZANUCK
In Charge of Production



Sonja skating her sensational tango with a partner for the first time on the screen!

Silver Screen

TOPICS FOR GOSSIP

e Withers actually en-
s taking pictures as
ch as appearing in
m. Her latest at Twen-
th Century-Fox is
nicken Wagon Family."





Humphrey Bogart's wife (Mayo Methot) feeding hubby a bit of popcorn the hard way. He seems to like it, but his favorite food is steak.

THERE'S none of this pretty-pretty business about Bette Davis. When she plays a character she tries to look like that character and not like a glamorous movie star. She has shaved back her hairline three inches for her role in "The Lady and the Knight," and has also shaved off her eyebrows so that she can pencil them on in the Elizabethan manner. When she puts on her red wig she is the spittin' image of England's Virgin Queen. But when she's *au naturel* she's a little bit scary, what with no eyebrows and a retiring hairline. But George Brent doesn't seem to mind at all. He and Bette dined and danced at the Cafe Lamaze the other night—which is the first time Bette has been seen out with a man since her divorce from Ham Nelson.

When she was testing her wigs (she wears a whole flock of them in the picture, ranging from red to purple) she tossed two of them aside with the comment: "That one makes me look like Harpo Marx. And that one makes me look like Hedy Lamarr." Most movie stars would have held on like mad to that last one.

Dorothy Lamour says there seems to be a lot more publicity in not having babies than in having them—unless, of course, they're quintuplets.

As soon as Dotty was divorced from hubby Herbie Kaye (he did a Ham Nelson and got the divorce himself) Hollywood had her practically married to Randy Scott. Until someone remembered that Randy isn't divorced, only separated.

Because of the failure of a permanent wave machine, Joan Crawford will introduce a new hair-do to feminine fans in "The Women." A smart hair-do is about the most important thing there is to a movie star, and Joan had been fussing around with her locks for weeks trying to decide what style would become her most.

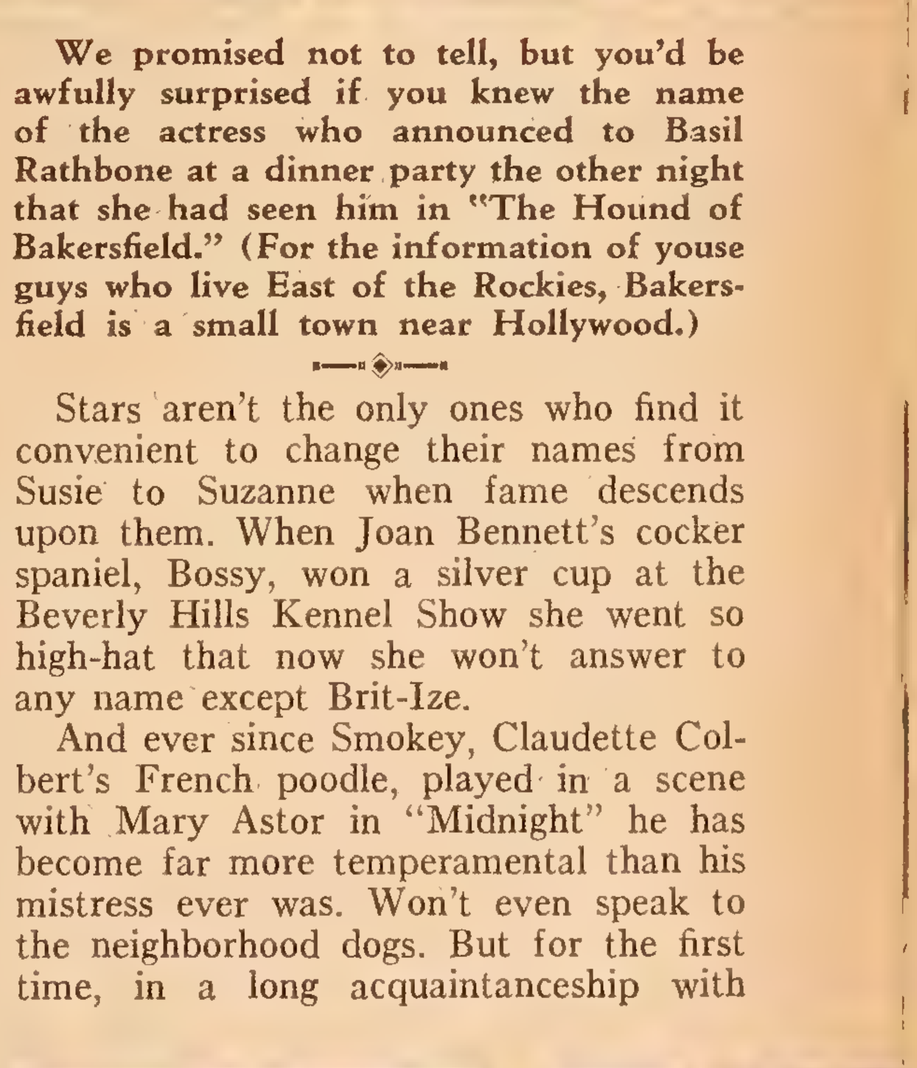
She finally decided on a shoulder length bob, and with a sigh of relief tripped off to a beauty salon for a wave. But something happened to the machine and as a result Joan lost a good three inches off the end of her curls. Joan was horrified. But Sidney Guilaroff, coiffure designer de luxe for Metro, came to her rescue and with a little snip here, and a little curl there, Joan emerged with something terribly smart in hair-dos. Never has she worn her hair so short before. "You have to get used to it," she said, "like olives."

Baby Sandy has the measles. And that's holding up Mischa Auer's next picture. Here's hoping that Baby Sandy doesn't retire from the screen quite as early as Baby Leroy did.

We promised not to tell, but you'd be awfully surprised if you knew the name of the actress who announced to Basil Rathbone at a dinner party the other night that she had seen him in "The Hound of Bakersfield." (For the information of youse guys who live East of the Rockies, Bakersfield is a small town near Hollywood.)

Stars aren't the only ones who find it convenient to change their names from Susie to Suzanne when fame descends upon them. When Joan Bennett's cocker spaniel, Bossy, won a silver cup at the Beverly Hills Kennel Show she went so high-hat that now she won't answer to any name except Brit-Ize.

And ever since Smokey, Claudette Colbert's French poodle, played in a scene with Mary Astor in "Midnight" he has become far more temperamental than his mistress ever was. Won't even speak to the neighborhood dogs. But for the first time, in a long acquaintanceship with



Paulette Goddard, Douglass Montgomery and Bob Hope reading about their "Cat and the Canary" in a Hollywood journal



Left: Steffi Duna looking especially scorchy during her dance in "The Gambler and the Lady." *Right:* Arleen Whelan at a baseball game and it looks as if her team isn't doing so well. *Lower right:* Mr. and Mrs. John Wayne dining with Loretta Young and William Powell. Bill is back at work after his long illness.







Right: Jascha Heifetz, who makes his screen debut in "Music School," goes over a number with the 80 piece symphony orchestra which accompanies him. *Lower right:* Lynn Bari takes time for a refreshing sip of cool water.

Smokey, he fairly embraces us. "Now that he's in pictures he's just trying to curry favor with the Press," says Claudette.

The high spot of Jeanette MacDonald's concert in Salt Lake City was when she sang "Let Me Always Sing," Gene Raymond's newest song, for which he wrote the words and music. The audience simply went mad and made her sing it three times before they would let her stop. A blushing Gene was forced to take a bow.

Hedy Lamarr tells you that her favorite sandwich is a flat dried fig between two apricots. It's very healthy, and reducing—but after a few of her favorite sandwiches we've noticed that Hedy always runs out to meet the ice cream man.

Now that "Goodbye Mr. Chips" has become the most talked of picture in America, Robert Donat is the Man of the Hour. It's possible he will win the Academy Award for his portrayal of Mr. Chips. At the preview in Hollywood Paul Muni lost no time in telling everyone: "That is the most magnificent performance I've ever seen on any screen. He is the greatest actor we have today." And no one contradicted him.

Because of the great interest in Mr. Donat we thought you might like to know something about him. Ed Sullivan, popular columnist, interviewed him by cable, and found out the following facts: He is thirty-four and pronounces his name "Doan-At" with the emphasis on the last syllable. His favorite diversion is betting on horses, his favorite food, roast duckling, his favorite drink, cider. The scene which he considers his best is the scene in "The Citadel" where he revives the dead baby.

The five greatest pictures he has ever seen are: "Captains Courageous," "It Happened One Night," "Fury," "Le Kermesse Heroique," and "Carnet de Bal." His favorite artist is Rembrandt and his favorite novelist is Helen Waddell. When he was asked to name the five greatest performers he listed: "Charlie Chaplin, Spencer Tracy, Paul Muni, Greta Garbo and Deanna Durbin."

"Because her dentist's name is Mac-





Left: Laraine Day, vacationing at a dude ranch, with a companion who seems to be giving some one the horse laugh. *Below:* Herbert Marshall, Robert Benchley and David Niven feeling no pain at Bob's testimonial dinner.



C. B. DeMille is very proud of the money clip that Joel McCrea gave him shortly after he completed "Union Pacific." Inscribed in the clip is: "To a man to remember from a boy who will never forget." And signed "Joel." Joel used to deliver papers to C.B. when he was a kid. Gradually the paper boy and the big director got acquainted and DeMille gave Joel his first movie contract ten years ago.

Cute little Virginia Weidler thinks that Norma Shearer is the greatest star on the screen today. Of course, a little something that happened on the set of "The Women" the other day might have a little something to do with her superlative admiration.

Virginia plays Norma's daughter in the picture and word was sent around that the company would work until seven that night. It seemed that Virginia was on the Texaco program that afternoon, and by having to work with Norma she would miss out on her broadcast. It was almost time for the program before Norma learned that Virginia was losing a tidy sum of money because she couldn't broadcast.

So Norma immediately announced to the director that she had a headache and didn't believe she could do any more scenes that afternoon—and then paid to have Virginia sent to the broadcasting studio with a police escort. The next day Virginia, still thrilled by the experience, said, "Thank you, Miss Shearer, for those *sireens*." I always wanted to ride behind a *sireen*."

Now that Glamour goes home at 6:30 of an evening, the unmarried gals in Hollywood are in a bad way. Who is there to take them stepping these gay summer evenings? The Trocadero has re-opened, all prettied up, and with Tito's divine music —but what good does it do them if they have no one to take them there? And there's the Folies Bergeres *that has taken over Grauman's Chinese, Mary Pickford's*

[*Continued on page* 82]



Left: Walter Wanger and Joan Bennett at a recent Pickfair party. *Below:* Kenny Baker has the sniffles or something.



Blonde Muriel Barr strikes a typical "Petty Girl" pose for artist George Petty during the production of "Man About Town."



Righting Wrong Impressions



"Hollywood must sit up nights thinking up ways to misunderstand me," smiles Alice. "Stars have to watch every move they make for fear they'll give the wrong impression."

THERE seems to be a general idea adrift in the minds of movie folk that the principal production in Hollywood is Gossip. Not lovely Gossip about how breathlessly beautiful they looked at the première the other night in their new Hattie Carnegie and the Flato clips, but nasty old Gossip about how they were seen dining with somebody they shouldn't be seen dining with. ("My dear, I don't even *know* the man!")

Naturally they don't do all those awful things they're supposed to do, or don't say all those terrible things they're supposed to say. ("Darling, I didn't say she was a horse, I merely said that she was a little hoarse.") Movie stars, poor dears, are the most misquoted people in the world. Of course my ears are burning like mad—I've done a hearty bit of misquoting in my time, so help me.

What with all this gossiping and misquoting going on most of the stars have assumed that hurt look of the misunderstood. Some of them still fight back, but to be sure—and a lot of good it doesn't do them—but most of them have resigned themselves to the inevitable. No matter what you do in Hollywood you're bound to be misunderstood. Why it's so easy to be misunderstood in the cinema city that even Shirley Temple was once called a Red. If people can be so callous as to call Shirley a Red, why, think what they can call you! Can? My dear, *did*.

"Hollywood," Alice Faye once said to me, "must sit up nights thinking up ways to misunderstand me." And she's quite right. Hollywood works overtime on this misunderstanding business. Stars have to watch carefully every move they make for fear they'll give the wrong impression. An unintended snub at a preview, a clever wisecrack at a radio rehearsal, the wrong people for dinner—and a wrong impression is all over town before morning. No wonder the movie stars are constantly on their guard. No wonder they feel as palsy with the Press as they would with a nice sprightly Cobra.

Tyrone Power feels that he has been greatly misunderstood about that Bel-Air burglar episode, and I don't blame Tyrone one bit if he forgets to mention the Press in his prayers at nights. Tyrone is a very friendly young man, very grateful for his success, and his first impulse on meeting a stranger is to try and put him at his ease.

Recently when the Bel-Air burglar was caught after months and months of sleuthing, he was taken over to Tyrone's house for Ty to identify him—Ty's house having been one of the many he robbed. He was introduced to Ty, without any mention of the fact that he was the Bel-Air burglar, and Ty naturally smiled cordially and extended a friendly hand. Photographers snapped the picture of Ty shaking hands with a burglar and it appeared in practically every paper in the country. "Palsy with burglars, eh," they said all the way from Hollywood to Brooklyn, "Well, I'm not surprised, birds of a feather, you know." The newspapers took it up and it couldn't have been more horrible. No one bothered to explain that Ty didn't know the man was a burglar.

Another Hollywood star who got herself misunderstood beautifully, through no fault of her own, is Dorothy Lamour. A syndicate writer in an interview asked her if she wanted a baby and Dorothy truthfully answered that yes, she wanted a baby sometimes. When the interview came out it announced that Dorothy was retiring from the screen to have a baby. All the newspapers took it up, of course, and all the magazines, and graphic stories were written on how much it would cost Dorothy to have a baby, how she was building a nursery in her new home, and how she would leave the screen after her next picture to prepare for the Blessed Event. It was all very embarrassing. Especially inasmuch as she and her husband, Herbie Kaye, were on the verge of a separation.

Not so serious, but just to show you how things get misunderstood in Hollywood, about six months ago Andrea Leeds broke her leg, and her boss, Sam Goldwyn, had to hold up production on a picture until she could get well. Andrea stayed home night after night in her plaster cast and got more and more bored. Finally one night one of her boy friends persuaded her to go with him to the Clover Club to hear a certain rhumba orchestra playing there, and Andrea, bored to death with staying at home for weeks, got her crutches and went along. She was only there for fifteen minutes. But the next morning it appeared in a column that Andrea had been having fun at the Clover Club the night before. The afternoon papers ran paragraphs about it, and several radio gossipers mentioned it on their broadcasts. It seemed to Mr.

lice Faye has learned that no matter what you o in Hollywood you're bound to be misnderstood and there's little you can do about it

By Elizabeth Wilson



Goldwyn that everywhere he turned for the next week he read where Andrea was out night clubbing. Finally he called her up and gave her something very near to hell. How could she do that to him? Here he was holding up a picture for her at the cost of thousands and she was playing around night clubs every night. And Hollywood said, "My, my, she certainly is a playgirl." Believe it or not, Andrea's fifteen minutes in the Clover Club made every Hollywood paper for the following month. It could have cost her her Goldwyn contract.

When Hedy Lamarr was playing in the ill-fated "I Take This Woman," one of the first scenes she had to do under the direction of Frank Borzage was on a boat where Spencer Tracy had to say the line: "We are now passing Sandy Hook." Every time he said it Hedy would burst out laughing, and thereby spoil a "take." Spencer and Borzage got a little uneasy. What kind of a temperamental foreign actress was this, who kept spoiling another person's scene? The technicians began to shake their heads and by the time lunch was called it was thoroughly established all over the studio, and several columnists had picked it for their evening papers, that Hedy Lamarr was [*continued on page* 68]

Alice with her
Tony Martin.
marriage has
misunderstood.
Alice with Col-
Walter Win-
who has righted
wrong impres-
Right: A new
dy of Alice.

Secrets of a



Mrs. Basil Rathbone ... that she and her hu... entertain less than ... anyone in the film co... Consequently, when ... do entertain they ha... habit of giving big p... But as a general ru... cause they love their ... so much, they dine q... and spend most of ... evenings together. ... Rathbone feels that ... a party is given it ... be outstanding in ori... ity, beauty and festiv...

Below: Jeanette MacDonold and her husband, Gene Raymond, with Mrs. Basil Rathbone. They were among the eight or nine hundred Hollywood celebrities who attended her recent party for the benefit of the Hollywood Guild.

Left: Mrs. Rathbone ... Mr. and Mrs. Ruben... and Dolores Del Rio. ... *low:* Leslie Howard ... Mrs. Rathbone. At her ... ties she has entertai... others besides movie ce... rities, such as, Hei... Fritz Kreisler, Gr... Duchess Marie of Ru... Thomas Mann, Dor... Thompson, H. G. W... James Hilton, Kathe... Cornell, Duchess of S... erland, Somerset Maug... and Alexander Woollc...





Hollywood Hostess

By Leon Surmelian

Mrs. Basil Rathbone, famous for her parties, reluctantly gives a report of the heartaches, worries and precautions in arranging an affair in Hollywood

Mr. and Mrs. Basil Rathbone at a costume party they gave on their wedding anniversary.

[T IS generally admitted that the No. 1 Hollywood hostess is Mrs. Basil Rathbone. This brilliant wife of a brilliant actor has a genius or spectacular and original parties. Whether it's a formal dinner-dance, a wedding or a garden fete, a party by her is well nigh a work of art by the sheer beauty of its conception and setting. She was a writer on the Paramount scenario staff for seven years, and has worked in New York as a scenic designer and interior decorator, and her flair for the dramatic has stood her in good stead as a hostess.

She is a little titian-haired woman with high cheekbones, and is vital, electric and straightfoward, like her husband. An attractive lady of wide sympathies and an admirable wife, she has the energy and personality of ten glamour girls rolled into one. And she knows movie society inside out. But when I called upon her in her charming Bel Air estate to find out how she feels about it all as a Hollywood hostess, she threw her hands excitedly in the air and vehemently expressed her annoyance at being given such a title. She said: "I don't like the sound of 'Hollywood hostess.' I assure you that Basil and I entertain less than almost anyone in the film colony. We love our home and spend most of our evenings together. We dine quietly, in the summer on the terrace with our dogs about us, and in the winter on a small table before the fire, in my bedroom. After dinner we play records of symphonic music, read for a while and retire before twelve o'clock. When Basil isn't working in a film we take all the dogs and go for long walks in the hills, or on the golf course in the afternoon. On our return, if it is summer we have a swim in the pool and afterwards tea under the trees. We rarely ever ask anyone in for dinner as Basil does not return from the studio until around 7:30 or 8 o'clock when he is working and he is much too tired for any kind of social activity.

"Consequently, we have got into the habit of giving one or two big parties a the year. As we entertain so little these parties are naturally rather large, but as it has been our only form of entertainment I have always felt the party must be outstanding in originality, beauty and festiveness. Perhaps that is the reason why our parties have received more publicity than most parties in Hollywood, but I assure you it was not for that reason that they were given."

"But, Mrs. Rathbone," I interrupted, "don't you see, you have given me the best reason in the world for your having received the title which you [*Continued on page* 74]

No Wonder She's Happy

By David Tearle

ELEANOR POWELL will be traveling in double harness soon. But hold on to your seats. She is not getting married. She is just being teamed, for the first time in her screen career, with a dancer ready to match step for step with her—none other than Fred Astaire.

This teaming not only makes "Broadway Melody of 1940" a picture of unusual advance interest to moviegoers, but also solves a question some people in Hollywood have been asking. Some critics have suggested that perhaps both Eleanor and Fred have their greatest screen successes behind them. Now, as both begin



Now that Eleanor Powell is to be teamed with Fred Astaire, her future looks decidedly brighter



When Eleanor learned she was to co-star with Fred her first thought was of his height. But Fred is taller.

a new phase of their careers, it is being predicted that they will go on to greater success than ever.

And Eleanor, for one, is terribly happy about the whole thing.

"I can't imagine anything that would please me more," she told this interviewer in her dressing room at the Capitol Theater, Washington, one of the cities she visited in a personal appearance tour that was her idea of the "ideal way" to prepare for her new screen role. Resting after a performance, dressed in a soft green lounging coat which provided a becoming contrast to her auburn hair, she was sipping the inevitable glass of milk which falls to her lot after every show.

"I admire Fred Astaire so much," she continued, "although until a few weeks ago I had never met him.

"One day, just before mother and I left Hollywood, he came to the studio and Producer Mervyn Leroy introduced us. We shook hands very formally, and it was really funny how polite we were to each other.

"I knew I should try to make him feel at home at M-G-M. After all, I thought, we will be working together, so we might as well get to know each other.

"Well, we sat there, rather stiff, and did a lot of mutual apologizing about nothing at all, and then we started talking about dancing. And do you know what was on both our minds?

"A number of people had told me, when our teaming up for a picture was discussed, that Fred was shorter than I was. Apparently folks had said the same thing to him, so you can imagine that we were both relieved when we found that even with my dancing shoes on, Fred is two and one-half inches taller than I am.

"That was such a load off our minds, we both relaxed. I suggested that he hear a couple of hot records I had with me. Then we discovered another thing—he's a Benny Goodman fan, and I'm crazy about Artie Shaw!

"Fred put one of the records on the victrola, and, pretty soon, caught by the swing of the [*Continued on page* 70]



SPENCER TRACY

Continuing as the screen's most popular actor, Spencer Tracy, on loan from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, appears in 20th-Century Fox's production of "Stanley and Livingstone," in which he is starred with Richard Greene and Nancy Kelly. Spencer takes his success modestly, being one of the most unassuming persons in all of Hollywood.



Ann used to be known as Clara Lou Sheridan when she first entered pictures in 1933. Her glamour at the moment is being emphasized. But Ann has much more to offer than just that. She's a talented actress and has been a serious student of dramatics ever since her college days in North Texas State Teachers College.

ANN SHERIDAN

PAULETTE GODDARD

Paulette is currently co-starred with Bob Hope in Paramount's "The Cat and the Canary." She used to be a platinum blonde. Although her last big picture was "Modern Times," in 1936, her very close association with Charles Chaplin has kept her name constantly in public print. She was 28 on June the third.

GEORGE BRENT



George is equally as effective opposite Bette Davis in "The Old Maid," as he was in "Dark Victory." They make a superb screen team and there were many who thought the two might team up in real life, as well. Tennis is his favorite sport. He plays an extremely good game. Is also an expert horseman and aviator.



JUDITH BARRETT

Judith is very much in keeping with the name of her birthplace, Venus, Texas. As a member of the Golden Circle, she's one of Paramount's hopefuls. Her latest picture is "Disputed Passage," with Dorothy Lamour and Akim Tamiroff. Her real name is Lucille Kelly. She made her debut in 1930 in a Bobby Vernon comedy.



DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR.

Doug gives another fine performance in Universal's "The Sun Never Sets." In fact, these fine performances of his have become a habit and keep him hopping from one screen assignment to another. And to think there was a time, not so long ago, when Doug thought he was better suited to be a painter or sculptor than an actor.



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with Brian Aherne i
"Juarez." Brian is
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stars before coming t
America where he wa
an outstanding stage
success before answer
ing Hollywood's entic
ing call. His mos
recent picture is the
exciting "Captain
Fury," in which he
plays the title role flaw
lessly. Surely, Brian's
performance as the
unfortunate Emperor
Maximilian von Haps
burg merits Academy
Award consideration.



NEWLYWEDS

M-G-M is hopeful that their (but not to each other) newlyweds, Robert Taylor and Hedy Lamarr, will be the greatest romantic team since the Garbo-Gilbert era. In "Lady of the Tropics," Hedy plays the role of the most beautiful Eurasian in Indo-China who becomes the wife of Bob, an adventurous young American. It will be interesting to see if their marriages diminish their box-office draw.

Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh in Alexander Korda's "The First and the Last."

A New Kind of *Lover*

By Gene Schrott

WITH a frankness that is both rare and delightful in this world of pretense, Laurence Olivier, dapper young Briton whose brilliant acting in "Wuthering Heights" is responsible for the endless queues forming outside theatres where it is showing, makes a confession that is startling even to his closest friends. But he makes it without a trace of malice and with all the charming innocence and naivete of an eager-eyed adolescent.

Five years ago, he was hurriedly summoned to the film colony to play the leading male role opposite Greta Garbo in "Queen Christina," but. . . . "Garbo didn't like me!" Olivier admits candidly, "and I was fired—kicked out! Kicked out of a job that I never even had!"

Insulted beyond all endurance and with his sensitive feelings rather badly injured, young Laurence Olivier gathered up the remnants of his pride and hurriedly throwing his few belongings into a kit-

Garbo had Laurence Olivier kicked out, but he came back as a perfect combination of Gable, Power and Taylor!

bag, left the scene of his humiliating treatment as quickly as possible. Hardly to be blamed for his hasty exit, he returned to England muttering secret vows and making determined resolutions never to permit himself the possibility of suffering similar indignities again. Never again would they have the chance of telling him off—of sending him packing without being given an opportunity of proving himself.

That was five years ago.

Today Laurence Olivier is back from Hollywood again. But this time in a halo of glory and midst paeans of praise. A glow of satisfaction permeates him whenever he mentions Hollywood. He is even glad he accepted his first unhappy experience in Hollywood with youthful stoicism and that he did not indulge in the customary ranting and raving over disappointments that are past and gone. He is pleased that, instead, he concentrated on making a better actor of himself. Today, his name in blazing lights over two theatres on Broadway tell the story of his success more brilliantly than a dictionary full of words.

At the time of his bitter experience in the film colony, he may have uttered some heady statements that he would rather forget at this time. But in his highly overwrought emotional state, he could scarcely be blamed for merely wording his opinion. And if he did say then that Hollywood was a perpetual headache and that, so far as he was concerned, it was the last place to which he wanted to return—the residents of moviedom have not only forgiven him but have offered their own apologies for maligning him without even giving him a chance.

A great deal of water has passed under the cinematic bridges since that memorable day some five years ago, when with hair flying wildly and his deep brown eyes flashing with fire, he strode angrily out of the studio gates and silently vented his wrath on the whims of one woman. It has taken the intervening years, together with the dulcet voice of Merle Oberon and the skilled business acumen of the master showman, Samuel Goldwyn, together with the promise of an eye-opening sum of money [*Continued on page* 62]

Above: Laurence as he looked when Garbo fired him. *Above left:* As he appears in "Wuthering Heights," his greatest picture. *Left:* With Vivien Leigh, to whom he is very devoted, during the filming of an English picture.

Laurence, Merle Oberon and David Niven were visited by Mrs. Doug Fairbanks, Sr., during the making of "Wuthering Heights" in Hollywood. She knew Laurence in England.



Who'll Win the 1939 *Oscars?*



Bette Davis, excluding herself, names her favorite candidates and explains why

By Ben Maddox



WHO will be chosen the screen's best actor and actress for 1939?

Already Hollywood is wondering, and debating furiously.

Because Hollywood, in spite of what you may have imagined, really cares where the ace honors fall. It cares a whole lot.

In the stellar homes I visit, I find this question arising with surprising frequency. The conversation is not, as you may have been led to believe, entirely about sex and self and "how do you like my latest luxury?" On the contrary, anyone who amounts to anything is downright serious about his or her work. Consequently, what rivals are doing is of prime importance, too. The superficiality with which picture stars have been branded is largely the fault of misguided press agents, who suppose blatant exploitation is necessary.

When you crack through the glittering enamel that paints the stars, however, you discover that the people in the inner circle are all genuinely hard workers, with a healthy respect for the achievements of their fellow players. The owner of a name known in every village in America suddenly grows as enthusiastic as the most rabid, far-away fan at the mention of the newest outstanding performance. "It was a wonderful job of acting, wasn't it? Audiences loved it, didn't they?" The enthusiasm here is actually more appreciative, for the old axiom that you must have attempted a thing yourself to recognize how superbly someone else does it holds water in Hollywood, too.

So far there is no general agreement as to the actor who will walk off with the men's trophy for this year. But Bette Davis undoubtedly holds the lead, on the feminine ladder, thanks to her magnificent trouping in "Dark Victory." If Bette captures the award for excellence again it will be the third time she has merited an Oscar, and this will establish a record for every other actress to shoot at. Incidentally, the highly sought-after gold statues signifying the Motion Picture Academy's laurel wreaths have been called by this affectionate nickname ever since Bette won her first one. The true story behind the tag for them is this: Bette's husband, Harmon O. Nelson, (from whom she is now divorced) steadfastly refused to confess his middle name, and for three years of matrimony Bette was just Mrs. Harmon O., and that was all there was to it. Finally Bette maneuvered it out of him. "Why that," she cried, "is a perfect title for the little fellow on the mantel!"

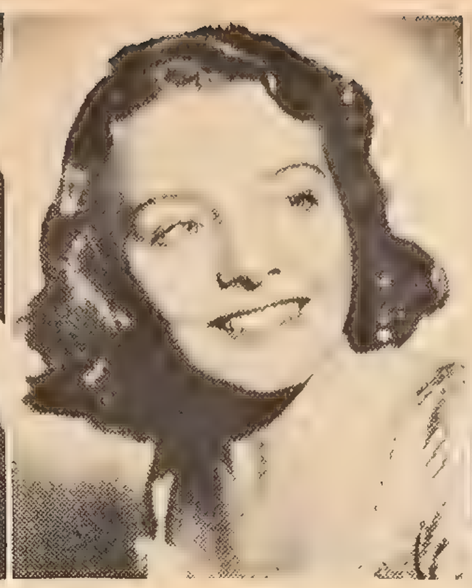
But because the term Oscar spread and stuck, don't think for a minute that Bette was being disrespectful. I was discussing the next voting for best actor and actress with her recently, and she made



Leslie Howard



Greta Garbo



Jane Bryan



James Cagney



Margaret Sullavan



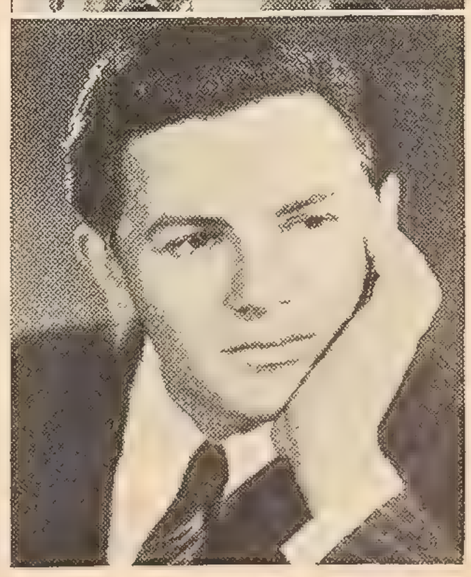
Cary Grant



Wendy Hiller



Fay Bainter



John Garfield

that clear. She h
studio cafe at Wa
dynamic, democrat
thought of in Hollywood these days because she has proved, conclusively, that ability and plain hard concentration can carry a girl far in the town where once upon a time only beauty and glamour mattered.

I lit her cigarette and she ordered consomme and creamed spinach and a glass of milk. Then she began to talk and when Bette talks, you listen eagerly. She is so alive, so discerning.

"I don't think outsiders understand how



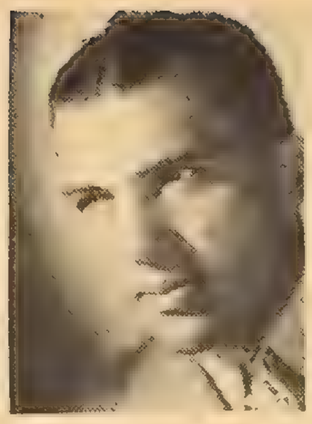
Bette Davis as she appears in "The Old Maid." Many believe she will win an *Oscar* for the third time.

Academy Awards mean to us," began. "You see, they're primarily recognition from our rivals themselves, and what kind of praise could be sweeter? The Academy is the one organization that brings together the whole picture industry, and each craft involved in the making of a picture holds a regular election as to the outstanding accomplishment during the year in that particular field. When the big banquet is held at the Los Angeles Biltmore the excitement is not phony, believe me! And another thing, we don't know until we arrive there that night whether we've won—it's not true that we're tipped off in advance. The balloting is secret.

"Many people assume that actors, as a group, are selfish exhibitionists. When you see all those actors who have conscientiously tried to deliver compelling performances assembled there at the annual banquet, you are thrilled by the earnestness that lies back of their presence there. Oh," laughed Bette, "of course we pretend to be very nonchalant about it. But at heart we all want to be voted the foremost, and we're on pins and needles

[*Continued on page* 64]

By Ed Sullivan



Explo[illegible] Stand[illegible]

e th!

NO SUBJECT in Hollywood has been so romanticized as the subject of stand-ins, and the legends that have grown about them would make your hair stand on end. Writers who stop off in Hollywood between trains are responsible for the mass of erroneous information that has been ladled out on this particular topic, and it is high time that one of us out here on the ground exploded the myth for once and for all. It is a service that should be rendered to the movie-struck kids of the country who have been led to believe that the shortest route to stardom is to obtain a job as stand-in for a star or featured player.

Hollywood has heard of a lot of stars who became stand-ins, but no stand-in ever has become a star. That is blunt, but it is truthful. The closest a stand-in ever came to accomplishing the miracle was in the case of Mary Dees, called upon to play out Jean Harlow's last scenes in "Saratoga." Miss Dees, as her reward, never played in another picture and was denied even bit parts at M-G-M. Even her faint resemblance to the late Miss Harlow was considered a fatal drawback to a career, which is one reason why stand-ins never get beyond that stage of the movies.

Ordinarily, and in a majo[illegible] stand-ins do not look like [illegible] featured player for whom th[illegible] their routine duties on a set. [illegible] a stand-in is of the same appr[illegible] height as the player for whom he doub[illegible] while the camera crew is lighting a set, and getting camera positions, the stand-in qualifies for the job. There is no duller job in movies. Since the Screen Actors' Guild organized the stand-ins and won a basic pay contract for them, they get $6.50 a day, which will give you an idea of the money involved.

The trouble has been, in all the fiction written by bad writers about stand-ins, that stand-ins have been confused with understudies of the stage. The important distinction which never is made is that a stage understudy is an actor or actress, or a singer or dancer. Katharine Hepburn, for instance, once was an understudy to Hope Williams in "Holiday." Tyrone Power once was understudy to Burgess Meredith, on the Broadway stage. Stage understudies, because of their training, eventually become actors or actresses, and if the star is unable to appear be-



Right: **Phyllis Welch (*right*) with her stand-in, Dorothy Andre. Phyllis used to be an understudy on the Broadway stage.** ***Below:*** **Martha Raye with stand-in Jeanette Rudy. A stand-in never makes much money.**



It's high time to stop romanticizing the subject of stand-ins and correct the impression that to be one is the shortest route to stardom. Nothing is more erroneous and here are all the reasons to prove it







Above: William Hoover is considered an identical double for Edward Arnold for whom he works as stand-in. *Left:* Victor Chatten, on the other hand, bears no resemblance to Lew Ayres for whom he is stand-in.

cause of illness, the understudy is prepared to take over the role. Some of the most exciting moments in the theatre have been provided by understudies who got just such opportunities and converted them into personal triumphs.

The movie stand-in, however, has no such roseate future. At no time does a stand-in ever get the chance to read the lines of the player for whom he serves while the cameramen are obtaining their focus for the next set-up. The stand-in does not even have to have stage or screen training. All he has to do is to stand in a spot designated by the cameraman. No lines issue from his lips. He has no more chance to learn the business than any other extra, and is no more important, with this reservation—visitors on a set will notice him or her because he or she is wearing the same identical costume as the star or featured player.

Often it happens that a player becomes genuinely fond of a stand-in, and then the job has social advantages. George Brent takes his stand-in, Don Turner, on all of his travels. Bing Crosby is extremely nice to Leo Lynn, his stand-in. Cary Grant has used Mel Merrihugh for the past five years and their comradeship extends to the point where Merrihugh always says: "We made three pictures last year" and "we did this" and "we did that." Betty Hall, stand-in for Carole Lombard, has been with her ever since "Nothing Sacred." Previously she was stand-in for Karen Morley and Shirley Ross.

Occasionally, you see a former star acting as a stand-in. You remember, perhaps, "Baby Marie" Osborn, baby star of silent films. The awkward age ruined her career and she returned to pictures as a stand-in for Ginger Rogers. Ambitious and hard-working, Miss Osborne continued to study all during this period and when she was ready, she left Ginger and struck out on her own. She has played small parts in several pictures and intends to win her way back to celluloid prominence. When she left, Ginger picked Dorothy Panter, a quiet youngster from the extra ranks.

Due to the fact that the biggest stars out here do not make many pictures a year, on account of income tax problems, a career as stand-in to any of them would be economically hazardous. At $33 a week, even with tips thrown in, irregular work would force a stand-in to spread his earnings very thinly over the course of a 52-week year. A stand-in for Charlie Chaplin, who makes one picture every four years, would starve to death.

The economic advantage of these jobs, however, is obvious. A stand-in for a star gets to know a lot of assistant directors and directors, and these contacts are valuable in securing jobs later on. The jobs may not be important, but they're jobs, and the records of Central Casting prove that there are not many of them.

Just how inconspicuous are these youngsters who serve as stand-ins is proved by the fact that movie fans have never heard of them. I'm going to prove it to you. Have you ever heard of Mary Lou Isleib? Or Frances Sawyer? Or Katherine Doyle? Or [*Continued on page* 66]

A *Ghost* For a Year!

Ann Sothern quit the screen until they'd put her in "A" pictures. For a year she was completely ignored, but now she's alive again!

By Gladys Hall

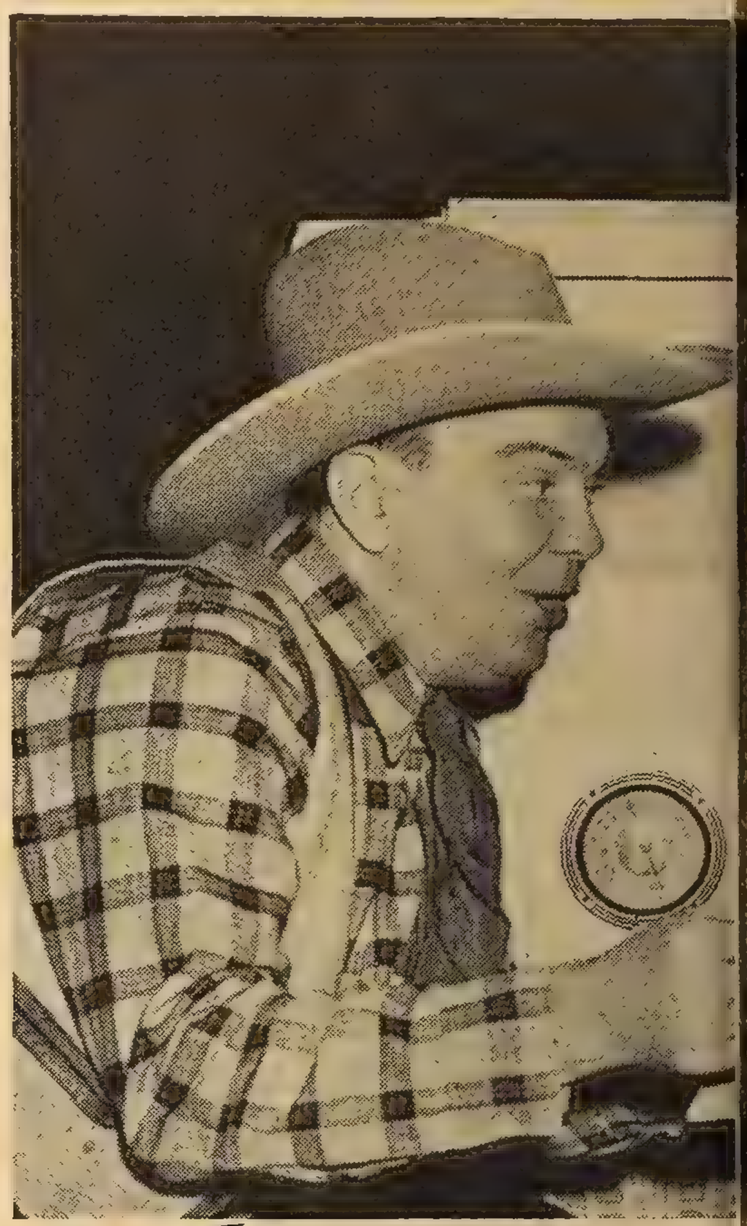
"WHAT you don't know can't hurt you—that's true so far as it goes," said Ann Sothern, "it's after you *do* know that it hurts."

For Ann has been hurt.

Now, a Come-Back as ever was, in her silk-padded, portable dressing room on the 20th Century-Fox set of "Hotel for Women" (in which Elsa Maxwell will throw, I am sure, the most *madcap* parties!) swathed ("sw*arthe*d" is the word) in a luxurious stole of silver foxes, her blonde hair done in little nosegays of enticing curls, Ann looked as though nothing more prongy than an orchid had ever hurt her. But that's because Ann is in her twenties, and is a trouper who can take the count of nine and come up as bubbly as champagne.

But Ann has been hurt. And if you look long and deeply enough into her blue-gray eyes you will detect there what seems at first to be fleeting purple shadows, but which resolves into a steadiness, a stability, a soundness of outlook which only experience can give.

Ann knows, now, what it feels like to be one of the Army of the Unemployed. Ann knows how it feels to be the Forgotten Woman. Ann knows what it means to "reduce expenses," to worry about money, to wake up at nights thinking about that ole debbil, Rainy Day. Ann has lived through all those touches of Nature which make the whole world kin . . . and that's the kind of thing that makes a man of you! Ann revealed to me how hurt she had been during what she calls "The Decline and Fall, NOT of Rome!" She said: "It's really true, *they leave you alone*. It's really hideous, how quickly they forget you. *You* try to think, right now, of all the stars of yesterday . . . you can't even remember to forget, can you?" Alas, poor Yoricks, I couldn't!





Above: Going over a musical number with Cliff Edwards and Robert Young, between scenes of "Mazie." *Left:* It took lots of courage for Ann to give up a perfectly good job at RKO-Radio.

Ann says she had had no idea that it would be like it was. If she'd had any idea, she says, she might not have done it. Even now, all cosily and triumphantly "Come-Back" as she is, she doesn't know, she can't be sure whether she would have done it or not, had she known.

By this time you must be saying, "what *are* you talking about? *What* didn't she have any idea about? *What* did she do? And why? Well, let's get down to cases, let's get to grips with the facts in



the Sothern case.

Now, then, what Ann did was to resign. Something over a year and a half ago, she resigned from her RKO contract. And for just a year thereafter she didn't do one single lick of work. After five years of hard, consistent work; after five years of a steady, weekly salary; after five years "of" said Ann, "being in so many 'B' pictures, I thought they'd begin to swarm" . . . after five years of being a luscious and lovely ingenue, of swooning in Gene Raymond's ever-ready arms . . . after five years of all this, Annie just didn't live there anymore. Annie up and handed in her resignation. It was so unbelievable that even the motion picture trade papers couldn't believe it; they printed stories about Ann's having been fired, only to retract these stories when they were faced with the facts.

No wonder people were incredulous. For in these troublous times to resign from a steady job is not a thing of thistledown. To flip your fingers at a weekly pay-check of sizable dimensions requires the stamina of a Sothern, at the very least. And Ann knew very well, so she thought, what she was doing. She realized that, for her, this decision must mean one of two things: a new start, or—oblivion. She had two choices: either she could go B-ing along, taking any pictures that came her way, as she had been doing, also taking the money that came along with them, and she would last, she figured, about two and a half more years. Or she could do what she did do: she could cut the contractual knot, she could sever the Silver Cords of salary and security and gamble on a future that must mean A pictures or—nothing. That is what she did.

She told me: "I did what I did because of my pride. Maybe it's a very silly pride but it's mine and it tells me that what I want is NOT to be mediocre, at least not in my own eyes. It tells me that I must do the best I can to the best of my ability, or—nothing at all. It was, quite definitely, oblivion for me or a start again. It looked for quite a time," said Ann, with her friendly smile, "as though Oblivion was the horse on which I'd put my money."

It took stuff to do what Annie did. For, you will remember, she has been working ever since 1929. And the habit of work is a powerful strong habit, not easy to shake off, and frightening when it is shaken off. It's all very well for a Play-Girl to slough a job. But satin-soft-to-the-touch-and-sight little Miss Sothern is not a play-girl. She's a Working Girl, is Annie, and her work comes first with her.

Which makes it all the more plain what it must have cost Ann to resign from a perfectly plushy term contract. And further to bring home to you what Ann's decision must have meant to her, let me recall to you that she came to Hollywood in 1929. Bearing, by the way, her rightful name of Henriette Lake. Later, her studio felt that that name was too cold, too formal for the warm seductiveness which is the Sothern personality, and so Ann decided to re-christen herself Ann Sothern. Ann because it is the first syllable of her mother's name, Annette; Sothern because of her great admiration for the late, great E. H. Sothern, of Sothern & Marlowe theatrical history.

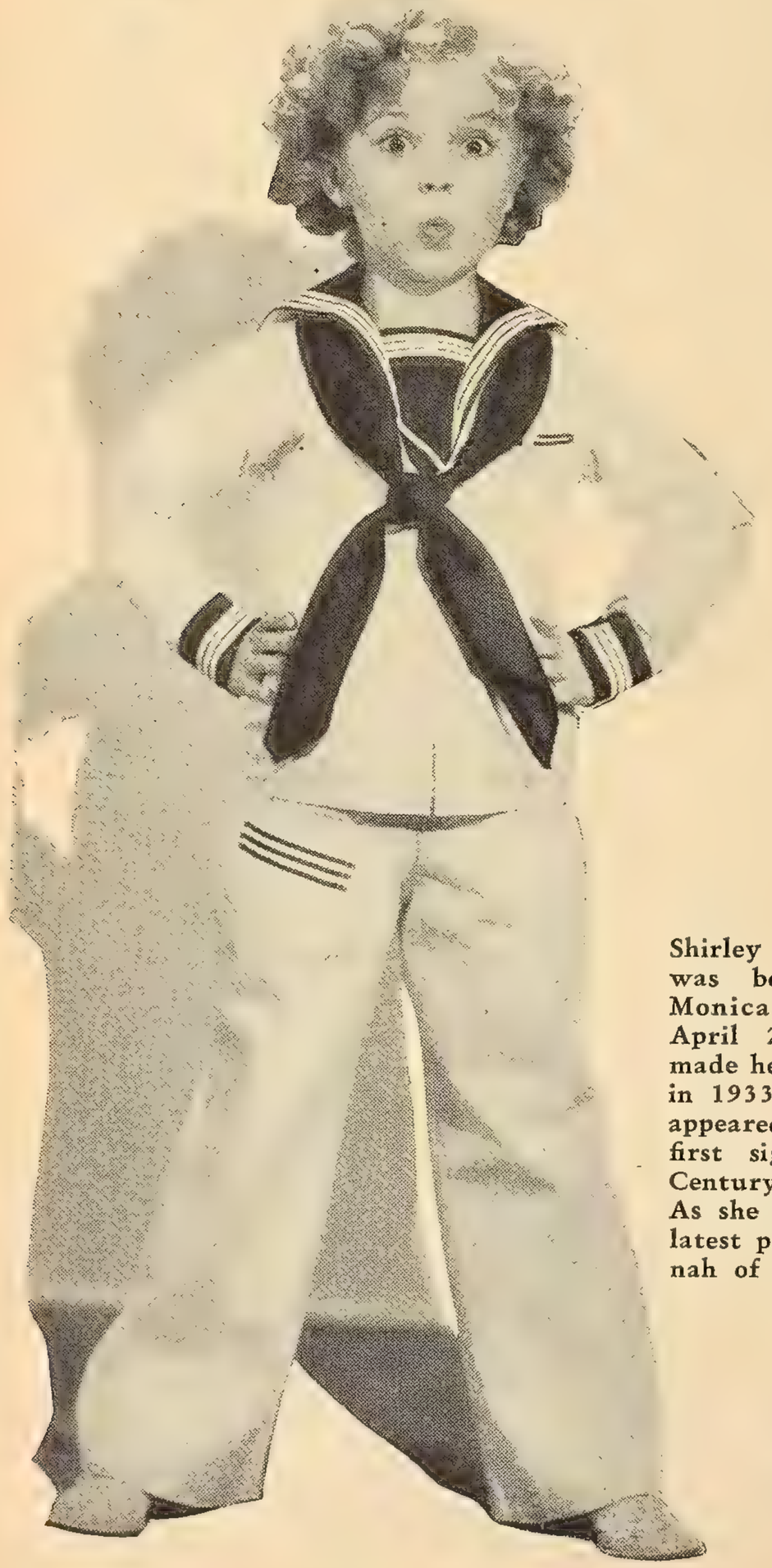
When Ann first came to Hollywood, she had no idea [*Continued on page 72*]



During her holdout, when Ann had to give up luxuries and economize, Hollywood paid so little attention to her that she felt like a ghost who comes back to his old habitats and no one sees him!

My! How Shirley's Growing Up!





Shirley Jane Temple was born in Santa Monica, California, April 23, 1929. She made her screen debut in 1933. *Left:* As she appeared in 1934 when first signed by 20th Century-Fox. *Right:* As she appears in her latest picture, "Susannah of the Mounties."

An amusing afternoon with Shirley Temple, who, now that she is ten, insists, "I'm much older now," and has several astonishingly grown-up ideas to prove it!

By Charles Darnton

OF COURSE, years do make a difference, especially when looked at through feminine eyes. But, manlike, William A. Seiter failed to consider this discriminating point when taking over the direction of Shirley's recent picture "Susannah of the Mounties." Three years before our story opens he had directed two Shirley Temple pictures, both fondly remembered for her endearing habit of putting her arm around him.

"Aren't you going to do it now?" he wondered.

"I guess not," she replied.

"Why not?"

"Well," she gravely informed him, "I'm *much* older now."

You see, Shirley was ten years old in April. And, apparently, was taking it big. Why not? After all, she was first of the ten biggest box-office stars. And now her anniversary just sort of matched in and made the whole thing big ten.

Not that Shirley was showing her age when we had lunch together. "Squeezie" saw to that. Perched in a high chair right behind us, the baby daughter of an assistant director promptly made it her business to renew Shirley's pristine youth. "Squeezie" was speaking a language all her own, and once she got started nothing could stop her. What she said didn't make sense to me, but Shirley understood every word of it. The two of them talked a blue streak while that canny infant gave me a blue paper cap off the end of a lamb chop just to keep me quiet.

"As you see," said Mrs. Temple, on the other side of me, "Shirley's still pretty much of a baby herself. But she has some astonishingly grown-up ideas. One is that she wants to become a G-Man, or G-Woman, and do what she can to wipe out crime. Her father and I don't take that notion seriously, feeling she'll soon outgrow it. We ourselves haven't any false notions about her. To us she is like any other intelligent child, not a genius, as some people are fond of saying. What she may become in time rests with her. If she decides to go on as an actress, that course will be satisfactory to us. Our one concern is not to crowd her. She now has been before the camera for seven years, and 'Susannah' is her twentieth feature picture."

Marveling at the record, I tried to bring Hollywood's top-star down to earth with a word about the fleeting years and their momentous significance to her.

"Know any riddles?" was Shirley's irrelevant rejoinder.

It was no good imagining this to be even a vague reference to the riddle of the ages, for in the next breath she popped:

"Know the one about two holes in the ground?"

That left me buried in abysmal ignorance.

"Well, well!" she exclaimed with a pretty pretense of surprise. And then, in a burst of brilliant intelligence, it came to me that this was the answer.

Shirley proved to be so chockfull of riddles that it didn't seem possible she could have any room left for food. But when the waitress came for our dessert orders the Little Princess of the Occult said she'd like some ice-cream—choc'late.

"Too much ice-cream," advised her mother, "isn't good for you."

"I don't want too much," pointed out Shirley, "just enough."

Smart of her, wasn't it? But Mrs. Temple was equally smart, saying nothing and looking straight ahead of her.

Presently, Shirley stole a peek at her mother, then turned to me and whispered, "I think I'll get it."

There was rich food for thought in lunching with Shirley, as Noel Coward must have realized not long ago. On that occasion fractions got mixed with the bill of fare. Shirley asked her distinguished guest if he liked them. "I never could learn fractions," confessed the erudite English playwright-composer-actor. "Mr. Coward," thereupon ventured Shirley, "do you mind if I ask how old you are?" Noel told her. She then glanced severely at her studio teacher, Frances Klamt, and demanded, "If Mr. Coward couldn't learn fractions in a whole lifetime, how do you expect me to learn them in a few months?"

Be that as it may, it now became evident that Shirley had learned enough games to last her a lifetime.

"Let's play Statue," she proposed, possibly to relieve the suspense of the ice-cream situation.

New to me. Tricky, too. A fellow had to watch out. One young man across the table got caught at a critical moment. He was lighting a cigarette when Shirley called, "Statue!" There was that flaming match, and Shirley watched it relentlessly before saving the poor chap from burning his fingers.

[*Cont. on page* 65]





Top: Shirley as she looked while making the Baby Burlesque series for Educational comedies in 1933. *Above:* As she looks today, her dimples more pronounced than ever. *Right:* With Randolph Scott in her current offering, "Susannah of the Mounties."

"I Gave Up My

But it turned out to be a miserable mistake for Lillian Roth, headed for stardom, who now, in no uncertain terms, blasts the marriage-before-career theory to bits

FUNNY how things start you thinking. Two items in a Hollywood gossip column started me analyzing myself and my former husband and my marriage, and suddenly things were clear to me that had been so muddled before. When my marriage crashed some months ago I had been too down to think of anything, much less to try to reason about it. But now taking out thoughts I'd been suppressing before, and turning them over and looking at them before I tucked them back somewhere in my subconscious again, I could see it all as clearly as though it was someone else's life I was looking at. Not mine at all.

One item was about Bette Davis.

It wasn't long after her divorce from her husband and Bette had told the columnist with that direct, unflinching honesty of hers that she thought she might have made a success of her marriage if she had given up her career for it.

"Maybe," I said to myself. "Maybe yes, and maybe no. I gave up my career too. And I was married at just about the same period in that career as you were in yours when you married. We were both really beginning to arrive. Then we married. You kept up your work and look where you are now, openly acclaimed the greatest actress in Hollywood. And look at me. Beginning mine all over again. And my marriage is gone too."

Then I read the other item. It was written a few days after Carole Lombard had married Clark Gable.

The writer had gotten Carole's happiness down on paper. There was that infectious gayety of hers, that warm, awfully personal thing about her that makes everyone adore her. And like all people who have been married before she was more than ever anxious to have this marriage succeed. The writer hadn't come out with it, bang like that, but just the same you didn't have to read between the lines to know that Carole was willing even to give up her very successful career if doing so would insure the happiness of that marriage.

"Don't Carole," I said. "Don't give it up."

It was then my thoughts began crystallizing. I thought of little things forgotten long before. I thought of big things. I knew then that in trying to do the best, I had done the worst thing possible for my marriage.

I gave up my career for it and I know now that it was the thing that doomed it from the beginning.

That's why I'm writing this story. For you, Bette, and for you, Carole. Maybe it will help you, Bette, when those awful if . . . if . . . ifs begin hammering at you. Maybe it will help you, Carole, if you are trying to decide on that important step. Other people's experiences do help, you know.

Love goes through so many stages. The first phase of it is the romantic, exciting period when everything else becomes dim and shadowy. Nothing but love seems important then. Friends, ambition, work, all the things you've built your life on become suddenly unimportant. You don't do much thinking in that phase. And it's too bad, because that's the time you need to think most of all.

What you do then sets the whole course of that love. Makes it successful or a failure.

I suppose everybody in love wants to do things for the person they love. The more they do, the more they give up, the more their love seems to measure up to their ideal of it. Sacrifice becomes a joy. Then afterwards, slowly, regretfully, they see the other picture. Just as I am seeing it now.

For I know now it's unfair to sacrifice too much for anyone. As unfair to the one for whom the sacrifice is made as it is to the one that makes it. You can't make too many demands on love if you





Lillian Roth with Lupino Lane in "The Love Parade." Ernst Lubitsch signed Lillian after seeing her on the Ziegfeld Roof. *Right:* Lillian thinks Bette Davis' marriage would have failed even if she had given up her career.

Career for Love"

by Lillian Roth

want to keep it.

Oh, that much glorified word sacrifice! It doesn't look so noble to me now that I see what it has cost me. For it cost me the very thing I tried to hold by making it.

That first excitement doesn't last. The fever goes and then comes the day by day living. Men and women take off their rose colored glasses and step down from the pedestals love has put under their feet and become human beings again.

That's the time marriage pulls people closer together or tears them apart. That's the time when things begin to creep in upon your consciousness again. That's the time you need an interest, a real interest to keep your perspective.

I was nineteen when I married Ben Shalleck. That sounds as if I were a baby. But I wasn't. I had been working since I was five. I had been in the Vanities and on the Ziegfeld Roof and been featured in other musicals and revues. I was going places in Hollywood. All the things I had worked for, all the dreams I had dreamed were coming true.

Ben was thirty-four but the difference in our ages wasn't as marked as it would have been had I been a different type of girl. After all, [*Continued on page* 78]



Lillian Roth was a sensational Broadway favorite before signing with Paramount Pictures. Her screen career was equally successful and she was slated for stardom.





Above: Lillian as *Huguette* in "The Vagabond King," with Dennis King. *Left:* Lillian hopes that Carole Lombard won't make the mistake of giving up her career because of her marriage. It's needed for her continued happiness.

Elsa Throws Another





Above: Wendy Barrie, looking her very loveliest, amuses one of her admirers with a laugh-getting story. *Right:* Mr. and Mrs. Dick Powell (Joan Blondell) enjoy dancing together at parties, which is somewhat unusual for husband and wife.





Left: Randy Scott evidently has a fine sense of humor, judging from the hilarious response he's getting from pretty Sonja Henie. *Below:* George Sanders, Loretta Young, James Stewart, Norma Shearer and Brian Aherne.





James Stewart watches intently as Loretta Young unwraps her party gift. Elsa is a firm believer in always having a gift as a souvenir for everyone of her guests so the party will be remembered.

Park Avenue's pet, Elsa Maxwell, runs another party, this time for the screen stars, and a good time is had by all





Left: The lassie with Edgar Bergen is Virginia Reed. Charlie McCarthy, unfortunately, was not among those present.

Below: Ronald Colman, looking somewhat older, with Duchess of Westminster.



Rudy Vallee always could pick 'em and this time it's Suzanne Ridgeway, who most certainly is no exception.

Above: Elsa Maxwell pointedly telling Darryl Zanuck a thing or two, while Constance Bennett is more interested in what someone else has to say. *Below:* Mary Healy, Jack Oakie and Ruth Terry all set for a bit of food.



More popular than ever, Cary Grant still wears the same size hat, and continues to favor strawberry ice cream.

Marvels of Make-Up



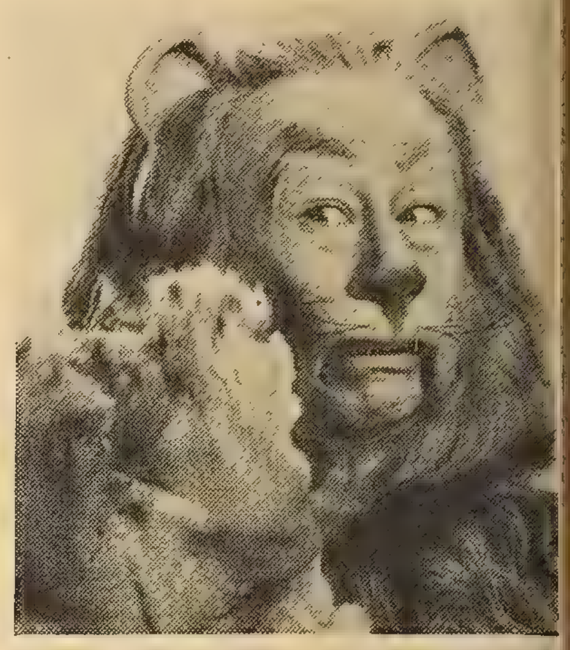
"The Wizard of Oz" offers a new high in make-up artistry. Herewith are the amazing facts as to how it was accomplished.

IN "THE WIZARD OF OZ," filmed in Technicolor, Jack Dawn, M-G-M make-up chief, achieves unbelievable effects. For example, his transforming Ray Bolger into the Scarecrow. Ray wears a make-up representing the texture of a burlap bag which is made of moulded rubber composition, applied to his face with gum. It took two hours to put on, but came off with a quick jerk such as a piece of adhesive plaster is removed. To protect his skin against the wear and tear of the make-up, each night Ray applied lemon cream to his smarting face, followed it with warm water, an application of turtle oil, another application of warm water, then a layer of special ointment to wear overnight. Jack Haley, as the Tin Woodman, is seen in a costume which required an acetylene welder to get him in and out of it. His face was first coated with a wax-like preparation, then dusted with pulverized metalic silver. The silver face powder was burnished with a soft cloth just as shoes are shined. Bert [*Continued on page* 69]

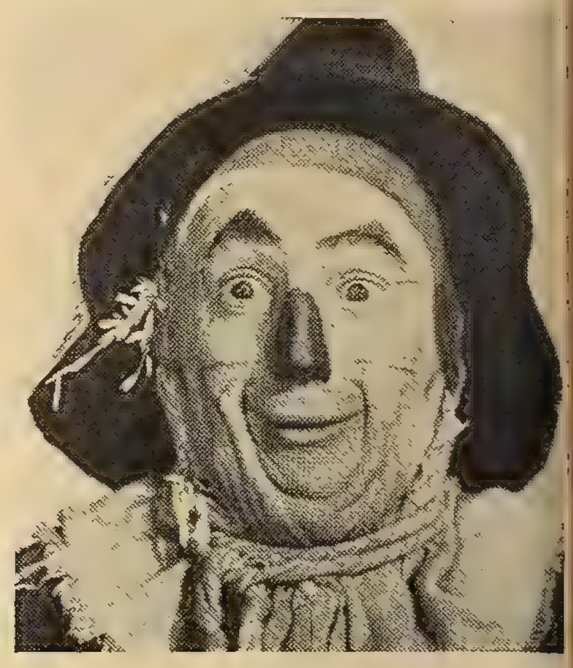




Frank Morgan plays the title role of the "Wizard of Oz."



Bert Lahr, the Cowardly Lion, is a make-up masterpiece.



Believe-it-or-not, but it's Ray Bolger as the Scarecrow.



Above: **Jack Haley as the Tin Woodman.** ***Left:*** **Jack Haley, Bert Lahr, Frank Morgan, Judy Garland and Ray Bolger in "Wizard of Oz."**

Reviews

Direct from the West Coast

BRIDAL SUITE

EXCUSE IT, PLEASE!—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer*

ANNABELLA, Mr. Tyrone Power's bride, has the misfortune of playing in a picture that will probably reach a new low in the cinema. How a studio that can turn out such a priceless gem as "Goodbye Mr. Chips" can also turn out such a silly inconsequential picture as this is beyond our comprehension. Don't judge Annabella by this, please! She's really a very competent and attractive actress. The story's the one about the ne'er-do-well son of wealth who leads a useless life until he meets a poor working girl who inspires him to become a shipping clerk. The caddish rich man's son is Robert Young, and Annabella, of course, is the poor working girl. The action takes place in the Alps, though mighty sad looking Alps they are. Billie Burke, Reginald Owen, Walter Connolly, and Gene Lockhart troupe valiantly, but there's nothing

[*Continued on page* 66]



Lupe Velez, fiery-tempered Mexican, with Donald Woods in a fervent moment from "The Girl From Mexico."

CAPTAIN FURY

ANOTHER TRIUMPH FOR AHERNE—*Hal Roach*

HERE'S a strictly formula Robin Hood adventure picture with plenty of thrills and action—but directed, unfortunately, as if it were a western quickie. The background is Australia, and the story concerns the desperate efforts of the poor settlers to protect themselves and their small farms from the depredations of a certain land baron, George Zucco, who regards all the territory in that part of Australia as his own, and who is secretly planning to create his own empire. Michael Fury, an Irish firebrand, excellently played by Brian Aherne, is sent to the penal colony in pioneer Australia and is farmed out as nothing more than a slave to the vicious and ambitious land-grabber. Fury manages to escape with a band of loyal convicts and they form a fast-riding vigilante committee to help the poor settlers. The arrival of the Governor brings a pardon for Fury and an end to land-grabbing. June Lang plays the heroine and is as pretty as a picture. Victor McLaglen and John Carradine play escaped convicts. In for small parts are Paul Lukas, Virginia Field and Douglas Dumbrille.

Below: **Virginia Field and Victor McLaglen in a gay scene from "Captain Fury."** ***Lower right:*** **Rosemary Lane, Gale Page and Dick Foran in "Daughters Courageous."**






There's a little trace of whimsy in daytime fashions this summer
For casual outdoor pastimes, Virginia Grey, the attractive MGM player, dons a colorful cotton gypsy dress. The full, ruffled skirt is of golden yellow with blue ric-rac trimming. The white, peasant blouse serves as a background for vivid flower clusters. A cartwheel hat of natural straw and striking, wedge-soled red and white sandals complete her outfit.
For that Week-End in the Country



For afternoons Virginia likes this chic little polka-dotted silk frock, with its red and white blouse accented with white ric-rac on the little puffed sleeves. The navy and white skirt is contrasted with a red and white ruffle and red and white is used for the softly knotted sash. Her large navy straw hat, trimmed with the red and white silk, is easily converted into a basket when Virginia goes daisy picking.



For formal wear this summer Virginia Grey has cleverly chosen this unique gown that cannot help but be an eye-catcher. The full-flared cotton skirt is of navy and white half inch stripes, the girdle is of brilliant scarlet ribbon, and the frilled blouse is of crisp white organdy with a scarlet bow at the throat.

Dots and Dashes for the Evening!



Virginia makes a demure picture in this charming black and white dotted swiss dancing gown, with its full, gathered skirt topped with a peasant type bodice of white batiste trimmed with bright green ric-rac around the square cut bodice and oddly puffed sleeves. A vivid green satin sash is caught with a corsage of field flowers at the front.

All the studios are busier than usual for this time of year

PICTURES ON THE FIRE



By

S. R. Mook

Columbia

THE studio is humming like a beehive . . . and all big pictures, too! First, there is the long-awaited "Golden Boy." Mr. Cohn made good his threat to find an unknown to play the name part. So we meet William Holden. But around him Mr. Cohn has assembled a stellar cast—Barbara Stanwyck, Adolphe Menjou, Ed Brophy, Sam Levene and Joseph Calleia.

This is the play Clifford Odets wrote for John Garfield to play in New York. But when it was produced, John played only a minor role. It deals with a young Italian lad, torn between his dreams of becoming a great violin virtuoso and his yearning for immediate success and the things it brings. He turns to the prize ring. Menjou, who has been carrying on an illicit love affair with his secretary (Barbara Stanwyck) for years, is Holden's manager. And Holden falls in love with Barbara almost the moment he sees her.

We find them in her office. When he tries to become serious she changes the subject, showing him clippings about himself.

"A lot of clippings for a newcomer," she vouchsafes. *"One month in the ring and you're ready for a scrapbook. By the way, have you seen Johnny Meyer's column?"*

"Yeah, I saw it," he admits.

"If that gorgeous curly hair doesn't plop over his eyes," Barbara reads.

"I said I read it!" he snarls. *"You don't like my hair?"*

"Sure, I like it," she admits, sorry she started this. *"Women are fools for curly hair. But in the ring it's different. They'll*



Broderick Crawford, as Officer of the Day, in "The Real Glory," interrupts Gary Cooper, as Doctor Canavan and David Niven, as Lieutenant McCool in their wooing of Andrea Leeds, as Linda Hartley.



Left: Mickey Rooney seems betwixt and between when it comes to Helen Gilbert *(left)* and Ann Rutherford *(right)* who're in "Andy Hardy Gets Spring Fever."



Right: Joan Blondell and Melvyn Douglas are at their comic best in Columbia's "Good Girls Go to Paris." Joan says there isn't a finer comedian than Melvyn.

id you to death."

"All right," he mutters. "Let 'em. I'll o as I please." Then he breaks off short nd his tone changes suddenly. "Sorry I lew up."

"You're a tough one to figure out," she rugs indifferently.

"So are you," he counters. She looks him quizzically. "Sometimes," he explains, "you seem like a little girl in pigtails. And sometimes—"

"Sometimes what?" she prods him.

"There's something about you so sad —your eyes—your mouth—even your hands—"

"Don't pick me apart like that," she cuts in brusquely, and then she adds, more soberly, "You mean, I look like I've been kicked about?"

"No! I mean—" and then he abruptly changes the subject. "Say! They have concerts in the park every Wednesday night. Will you come with me sometime?"

"Cut!" calls the director and I dash over to Barbara.

"It's a pleasure to see you, Dick—as always," she greets me.

If it's a pleasure for her to see me, I wonder what she thinks it is for me to see her. For here is one of my favorite motion picture people.

"About your marriage—" I begin in a business-like tone.

"Isn't it wonderful?" she beams. "Honestly, Dick, I'm so happy I'm afraid even to talk about it."

Well, that's one way of shutting me up, so I wish her and Bob every happiness and proceed to the next set where—

[*Continued on page* 60]



Walter Pidgeon, Little Ann Todd and Virginia Bruce going through the paces of their daily setting-up exercises in M-G-M's "Stronger Than Desire," in which the three appear as quite a happy young family.

VACATION *Daze!*





Left: Judith Barrett, slated for stardom by Paramount, realizes the value of relaxation, exercise and fresh air. *Right:* Laraine Day, last seen in MGM's "Calling Dr. Kildare," looking especially neat, trim and happy. *Below:* Helen Parrish, in whom Universal is particularly interested, enjoying a leisurely time of it.



Are you taking the last two weeks in July or the last two in August? Have a grand time!

It's Paramount's Susan Hayward who has the feminine lead in "Beau Geste." Do you think her suit looks like Laraine's or Laraine's looks like hers?





Above: Santa Barbara is an ideal spot for vacationing and Robert Preston and Susan Hayward seem well aware of the fact. She's not feeding him a gold fish, by the way. *Below:* Marjorie Reynolds, of Monogram Pictures, taking a sun bath for herself. Careful, Marjorie!

Pictures on the Fire

[Continued from page 57]

"GOOD GIRLS GO TO PARIS," starring Joan Blondell and Melvyn Douglas is shooting. The scene I see is the very last in the picture. The picture is one of those zany comedies, so there's no use trying to give you the plot. BUT—and don't say I didn't tell you—it's better than the first one these two made. Joan is a waitress (but only in the beginning of the picture) who flips wisecracks as effortlessly as she slings hash. When things have quieted down (oh, yes, she had her moments and was even under suspicion of blackmail) and her good name has been cleared—three men want to marry her. But she picks Melvyn, then jerks away from him, dashes out on the terrace and begins sniveling.

"Now *what's wrong?" Mr. Douglas queries, taking her into his arms.*

"I was just thinking about poor Tom (Alan Curtis)," she explains and then remembers another admirer, "and poor Paul (Alexander D'Arcy), and poor *Ted Dayton (Stanley Brown)." She sighs and sniffs. "It's too bad I can't marry everybody."*

"Well, you're young yet," Mel consoles her, taking her into his arms.

Joan is gowned in a gold and old rose metal cloth evening dress and has never looked lovelier. After the scene is over we sit and dish the dirt for a few minutes. She tells me about Ellen and Normie (her two children) and Dick's (Powell) new radio show—how disappointed she was with her last picture and how delighted she is with this one. "I don't believe there is a finer comedian in the business than Mel Douglas," she concedes generously, "and why producers don't do more with Alan Curtis I'll never know."

All this is, indeed, praise from Caesar because Joan, being a fine actress and superb technician herself, is very critical of the work of others and when *she* says they're good you may put it down as gospel.

NEXT we come to the latest Frank Capra production—"Mr. Smith Goes to Washington." Having been sensationally successful with Gary Cooper and Jean Arthur in "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town" and with James Stewart and Jean Arthur in "You Can't Take It With You," he has sort of scrambled picture titles and casts and emerges with the aforesaid title and Jean and Stewart for stars. Of course, the fact that Jean is under contract to Columbia may have had something to do with this, but Stewart was just a happy inspiration. No reflection intended on Jean because if she weren't the splendid actress she is she wouldn't be under contract.

This is really a fourteen-carat all-star cast, for every member has been starred at one time or another. In addition to the two mentioned, there are Edward Arnold, Claude Rains, Guy Kibbee, Eugene Pallette, Ruth Donnelly, Beulah Bondi and Astrid Allwyn.

To get on with the story. The sudden death of a senator plunges a party machine into a panic. The machine is corruptly headed by Arnold, Kibbee and Rains, who must appoint a successor. They want someone who will not pry too deeply into a certain appropriations bill now before Congress. In desperation they appoint Stewart—young and idealistic—who is head of the state's Boy Rangers and who is something of a hero because he and his boys recently halted a forest fire.

Jim arrives in Washington, but is so thrilled at his first sight of the capitol dome he wanders off and boards a sightseeing bus, failing to show up at his office (where he is expected) for five hours. When he arrives, his secretary (Jean), who has been assigned to him because she is an old hand at politics, is fit to be tied.

"Gee, I'm sorry," he apologizes when she lights into him. "You see, it wasn't until I was fairly well along in the bus that I realized—"

"Did you say—'bus?'" she interrupts.

"One of those sight-seers, you know," he explains. "You see, I—gosh, I've never been called absent-minded or—but there it was—all of a sudden—looking right at me through one of the station doors—"

"There what *was?" she interrupts again.*

"Big as life," he continues, gazing at her with wide eyes, "sparkling away there under the sun. I—I started walking toward it—and there was a bus outside and—well—I—I just naturally got aboard—"

"Most natural thing in the world," she agrees sarcastically.

"I don't believe I've been so thrilled in my—" he raves on. "And—oh—that Lincoln Memorial! Gee! There he is—Mr. Lincoln—looking right at you as you come up the steps—sitting there like he was waiting for someone to come along—"

"Well, he's got nothing on me," she interjects, turning towards her hat and coat. "Now, if you're ready, Senator, we can start for the hotel. I'll see *that you get* there."

"Yeah, perhaps you'd better," he sort of laughs.

Miss Arthur is blowing her lines this morning and there is an ominous tension on the set that I don't like. So I quietly take my leave without speaking to anyone.

LAST, but not least, is "Coast Guard" with Frances Dee and Randolph Scott, and Ralph Bellamy. It seems Ralph is the steady type and Randy is the killer-diller with the ladies. Both are fliers—and buddies. Ralph rescues Frances' grandpappy in a wreck at sea. Randy flies him through a dangerous storm to the hospital. Both fall in love with Frances. So far so good. Everything is plausible and they are on an equal footing. Frances falls in love with Randy (the dizzy, happy-go-lucky type) which I also find logical as it is the only explanation I have of why so many dames let *me* slip through their fingers. BUT after they're married Randy can't settle down to one girl—not even when the girl is as lovely and charming as Frances—and goes back to his old love-'em-and-leave-'em tactics. Which only goes to show you how scenario writers' minds work.

This scene I see is where Frances and Randy are returning to their apartment after being married. She still has on her wedding veil and dress. He takes her on a trip around the world for their honeymoon—right in their apartment—on one of those trucks hotel porters use to haul trunks around on. A bowl of goldfish on a table is Lake Banff. The canopied bed is Napoleon's tomb. The water rushing out of the faucets in the kitchen sink is Niagara Falls. He presses the lever on a siphon and the soda spurts out. That's Old Faithful.

It's a helluva cute scene with swell dialogue and they carry it off in grand style.

When the scene is over I chat a few moments with Frances whom we see all too seldom these days. "Have you been married before?" I inquire politely.

"Oh, yes," she smiles. "To Joel McCrea—or hadn't you heard?"

"I mean for picture purposes," I snap, indicating her green dress. "I detect the absence of virginal white."

"Oh, *that!*" she dismisses my remarks. "This shade of green photographs as white as the driven snow."

"I'm relieved," I inform her. "Otherwise I'm sure Columbia would change the name of the picture to 'Second Hand Rose' and I couldn't bear to think of you being bartered in the used bride market."

"Get out of here, you idiot," Frances laughs. "I have to study my lines for the next scene."

So I trek on down the street to—

R-K-O

MORE fun here. Only one picture shooting but three of the people I love best are working in it . . . Carole Lombard, Kay Frances and Cary Grant. It's called "Memory of Love."

Kay is playing "the other woman"—the sort of part in which she first made a success. Now, if *she* had been in "Coast Guard" I might be able to understand Randy's philanderings.

Well, anyhow, Cary and Kay are married but they don't find marriage the idyl fiction writers in grandmother's time pictured it. Then Cary and Carole meet. Remember that old song from "The Connecticut Yankee?"

I took one look at you—
That's all I meant to do—
And then my heart stood still.

That's they. There are many complications but on Christmas Eve we find Carole arriving at the apartment of the unhappy couple.

In the picture Kay and Cary hate each other but when I arrive on the set they are just finishing a game of backgammon. "Confound it," Cary mutters, "that's 2460!"

My hair (or rather, what's left of it) stands straight up on end. I have heard about the stakes stars and executives play for but the most I ever heard changing hands in a backgammon game is the $600 Mr. Goldwyn lost to Miss Constance Bennett one evening.

"Pardon me," I stutter, "is that dollars or Confederate money?"

"Dimes," Cary explains briefly. "We're

playing a tournament during the run of the picture and will settle up at the end. So far that's $24.60 I owe her."

Then, just as I'm getting the inside low-down on how the stars live, John Cromwell, the director, has to spoil everything by calling them for a take. The spell is broken. I'll never find out now what Cary would have said to Phyllis Brooks if he couldn't give her a diamond bracelet he'd promised her because he had to use the money to pay Kay. Nor will I ever know how Kay might have explained a new diamond bracelet she might have bought herself with her winnings, to Eric Barnekow (her fiancé) and which he knew she couldn't afford, account of having to save this year's earnings to pay last year's income tax.

There is a stormy scene between the three stars in which Carole and Cary see Kay for the first time in her true colors and learn that she has no intention of divorcing Cary, despite her promises. Christmas eve! Peace on earth, goodwill to all! Bah! It reminds me of the ending to "Farewell to Arms" when Cary Cooper, with his dying bride in his arms, stands at the window looking out at the armistice celebration, while Frank Borzage's pet doves flutter around, and sneers, "Peace!"

This dénouement should have taken place on April Fool's Day. But no one ever asks me.

Kay plays with a fervor and sincerity that convinces me anew of her acting ability. Maybe your heart belongs to Warners but mine doesn't. Not after the way they almost wrecked Kay's career with the putrid stories they gave her.

"Of course," Kay accuses me before she and Cary start another game, "you're never in town when you're wanted. One of the magazines came out with a nasty gossip item on me giving a vivid word picture of my chagrin, dismay and what-not when photographers failed to snap me at a preview. And I wasn't even at the preview. I wanted you to do something about it but, no! You were gallivanting all over the South."

"I'll do it now," I offer.

"No," she declines. "I sent the editor a wire myself and he was very nice about printing a correction."

Then Carole passes and I leap to kiss the bride. Of course, after that I'm a cinch to be no good for a long time. So there's no use my hanging around this set. I might as well be traveling during my recuperation, so I travel out to—



Ann Sheridan, Warner Brothers candidate for the screen's most glamorous actress, studies the script of "A Devil on Wheels" with Assistant Director Elmer Decker.

M-G-M

THERE'S plenty doing here, allright, allright.

First there's Robert Taylor and Hedy Lamarr in "Lady of the Tropics." This is a tender story of love and self-sacrifice between an American (M. Taylor) and a beautiful half-caste (Mme. Lamarr). Hedy wants to go back to France to her father's people and pass herself off as a Frenchwoman. The government won't issue passports to half-castes so Bob gallantly marries her. But every rich and influential man in Saigon is after her and suddenly, even as Bob's wife, she can't get a passport.

Things get tougher and tougher. In this scene they are making Hedy is selling her beautiful gowns and hats to a local dealer while Bob looks on with the hurt in his heart shining through his eyes and Hedy, whose life blood goes with the gowns, chaffs the dealer in an effort to get a few more francs from him.

I hope this will turn out to be the swell picture it gives every promise of being for two nicer people never faced a camera.

NEXT, there is "On Borrowed Time." This is from the sensationally successful New York stage hit. What a moving story this is! How Death is treed and the affairs of the world stand still until people can die again.

The scene they are making just now is not important so there is no sense going into details. But if you aren't too hard-boiled—if you aren't too absorbed in the affairs of a harassed world—to lose yourself in phantasy for an hour I promise you an experience you will never foget.

IT is a far cry from that picture to "Andy Hardy Gets Spring Fever" but that's how pictures are made. Indians rub elbows with French noblemen on a motion picture lot and Love, Spring Fever and Death are jumbled up in a producers' grab-bag.

Woody Van Dyke, than whom there is no finer director in the business, has grabbed off young love for his current assignment. Never mind what leads up to this scene. It's one of the most moving-touching episodes that has ever been filmed. If you're young it's the problem that confronts you. If you're old you can't look at it without your heart giving a nostalgic jerk backwards towards your youth.

Andy (Mickey Rooney) has fallen in love with his new dramatic teacher (Helen Gilbert) only to learn that her fiancé has arrived and she is marrying him next day. It is the night of the school play and Andy is in a garden, after the play, waiting for his answer. In the distance the street lights are burning. The wind has stripped the

[*Continued on page* 80]

A New Kind of Lover

[Continued from page 37]

to make him renege on those vows and be lured back to the film capital.

Of course, there may have been a little more behind the offer of an enticing salary, and the fact that he was to play opposite the exquisite Oberon who was the star when he played in "The Divorce of Lady X." If you recall that Vivien Leigh—the luscious little lady who wrested the role of *Scarlett O'Hara* from our own bevy of glamour gals—was in Hollywood, you have the partial answer to the motive.

It seems that David O. Selznick isn't the only person who knows a good thing when he sees it. Laurence Olivier had succumbed to the romantic charm and loveliness of this young woman long before "Gone With The Wind" was even published. But since there is no longer any secret of their interest in each other, Olivier is destined to take his place with such mighty heart-throbbers as Gable, Power and Taylor.

Now the man who was so lightly scorned by the great Garbo—so casually dismissed with an indifferent gesture—has had his long awaited but unsought opportunity for revenge. Being the sole heart interest of the actress who has annexed the most coveted plum in filmdom may cause the silent Swedish queen of films to wonder if she had not been a bit too hasty in her decision. But it's too late to make amends now. For young Olivier must have had a prize card up his sleeve. Perhaps he was merely biding his time. But now, at least, he has the last laugh.

The lavish adjectives describing both his work in "Wuthering Heights" and in his current stage production, "No Time For Comedy," resound through the lobby of the Ethel Barrymore Theatre between the acts. The sabled and bejewelled ladies coming out for a cigarette look at their affluent escorts and wonder why fate hadn't sent them a man like Olivier. From the moment he walks out on the stage, you can feel a stirring throughout the theatre and you know a thousand feminine hearts have been laid at his feet. In years, there hasn't been such a fluttering of hearts or such a disturbing element in the realm of acting.

Meanwhile, the name of Olivier has become a synonym for the fiery, impetuous lover and he is taking the hearts of American women by storm. Today, he is an entirely different person from the one who left these shores in a huff of temperament. Mercurial as the month of March, you will find him occasionally breaking into that winning smile that dispels his habitual somberness. And you realize there is something in that smile of the stuff of which great lovers are made. But, more generally, he walks around with his features composed into a steel-trap dourness which belies his active, healthy sense of humor.

Don't be misled by this. There is a bona fide explanation for it. If you're ready to believe he is a grouchy, pessimistic sort of individual who walks around with a perpetual chip on his shoulder, you're all wrong. In "Wuthering Heights," he portrayed the role of *Heathcliff*, the villainous gypsy foundling. In order to get himself into the proper mood for the part, he simply walked about immersed in an atmosphere of gloom and hate. Even now, he sometimes forgets he finished that role.

Before he left England for Hollywood, he told reporters that as far as the cinema was concerned he regarded himself as somewhat of a failure. He underrated his work in "Fire Over England," "I Stand Accused," and "The Divorce of Lady X," —all good enough examples to prove that he was wrong. And now with his unforgettable interpretation of Heathcliff, there isn't even a question of a doubt about his excellence.

When you get to know him, you're apt to stop and wonder if Olivier is a bit of an introvert. You find that he is reticent, though never unsociable. He speaks very little—even when spoken to. And unlike most actors, would rather talk about his work than himself.

"I know," he says, "that my work in 'Wuthering Heights' was more than a mere opportunity to become better acquainted with the vast American filmgoing public. And at this time, I also know that the assignment was one of the most difficult ones I have ever undertaken." But what Laurence Olivier scarcely realizes is that he was selected from a host of possibilities because his excellent background made it far less terrifying an undertaking for him.

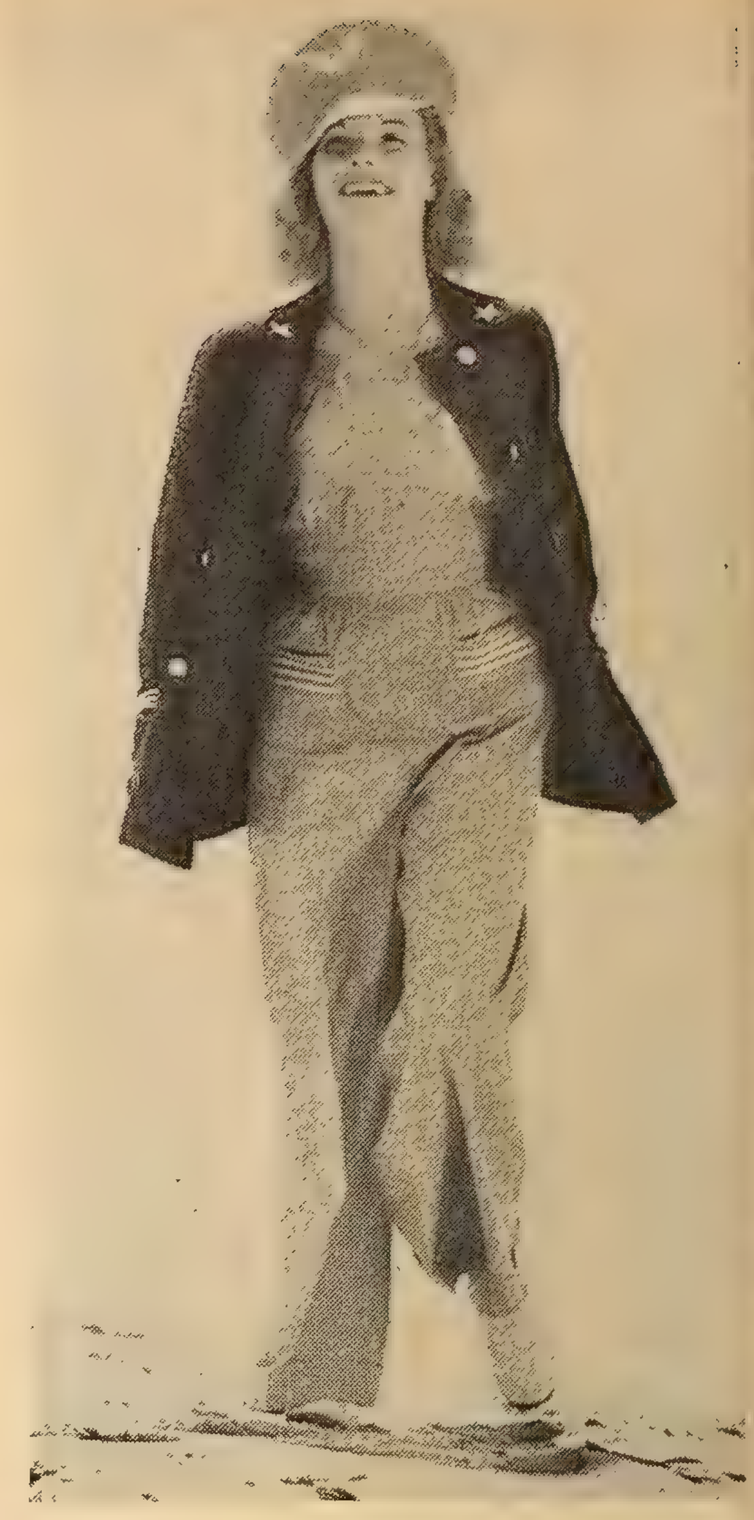
Often on the set, in the midst of a strong dramatic scene, he suddenly started clowning—just to make sure that the morbidity of the atmosphere had not gotten too deeply under his skin. When he blew up on a line—which was rare enough to be the signal for a general raising of surprised eyebrows—he made faces at the cameras and the surrounding crew. In this he was exactly like a young boy when words fail him and he has to resort to action to express his feelings.

"It was as much," he says, "to relieve my own tension and to keep from overplaying that I indulged in moments of horse-play and attitudes that may have seemed to make me appear slightly ridiculous."

Yet for all his forbidding appearance in moments of extreme concentration, with dark overhanging hair and smoke-brown eyes, no one ever heard him speak a harsh or thoughtless word during the making of the entire picture. If Hollywood was waiting for a second sample of the Olivier temperament, it was sadly disappointed.

From the very first week of his return to this country, things appeared to be going very smoothly for him. Then something happened. Out on location with the company, he felt a twinge of pain in his left foot but managed to hobble about and finish his scenes.

Two days later, the foot was swollen to twice its normal size. But still he went about uncomplaining, painfully wearing



Universal's Nan Grey, now the wife of Jockey Jackie Westrope, loves horses, but she has a pronounced weakness for boats, too. Her latest is "The Underpup."

the torturous Eighteenth Century boots.

That Olivier's trouble was serious didn't strike Director William Wyler until the actor finally hobbled up to the camera on crutches—no longer able to wear shoes, let alone boots. A doctor was called and a diagnosis made—Olivier's foot was infected, very badly so. He was dismissed under the doctor's care, the schedule altered and for a week scenes were made in which he was not required to appear.

"I guess Hollywood was paying me back for my defiance of five years ago," ruefully admits Olivier, casting aside all consideration of his own doggedness and strength of will.

Generously endowed by nature with all the attributes of the matinee idol—tall, dark and handsome—Laurence Olivier prefers to be known for his acting rather than for his good looks. But once you see him, either on the stage or screen, you are struck by both the instant he appears. There is a certain rugged strength in his determined jaw line, a sort of dynamic magnetism in his flashing, dark, deep-set eyes. But in spite of this a certain boyish charm and shyness captivates the fancy and holds it breathless in his presence.

Last year, he could have been lolling about at his ease, enjoying the avalanche of adulation that sweeps in from his feminine fans. Instead, he found himself participating in an historical event that stirred the British critics to deepest admiration. Against the bleak walls of Elsi-

nore Castle in Denmark, the original scene of "Hamlet," Olivier undertook the role of the Melancholy Dane in the uncut version of the famous Shakespearean tragedy.

But to prove to himself that he has versatility as well as ability, this handsome young man who has barely passed thirty, followed up his moribund role with a gay, sprightly comedy that brought him in full view of American audiences.

Even on his last arrival to these shores, there was a slight feeling of misgiving in Olivier's heart. "Perhaps," he thought, "another Garbo will decide that she doesn't like the line of my face or the way my eyes are shaped." Because of this, no actor ever arrived in New York harbor with less baggage than this hesitant young man when he sailed in on the Normandie. With but a single trunk, one hand bag and a set of golf clubs, he amazed the ship's reporters. And since it is always more or less expected to stare into people's luggage when opened for customs' inspection, it was surprising to see that neither bag nor trunk overflowed with the usual million and one necessities that all actors require.

Being very practical minded, he brought mostly new things of the slack and sweater variety but not a new or old thing that he was not going to use. You should have seen the look of amazement on the face of the customs inspector when he came upon Olivier's one trunk. Clothes were stacked in the center of the drawers, but the corners and crevices that are the hiding places of undeclared treasures were wide open and empty. No one travels that way, the customs man declared. He was sure he was being kidded—but his diligent search brought to light not a single trace of contraband.

Laurence Olivier comes of theatrical stock and was born in Dorking, Surrey, on May 22, 1907 and was educated at St. Edward's School, Oxford. His first stage experience was in his parents' touring company. Later, he joined the Birmingham Repertory Company and stayed with that notable group for two entire seasons.

After playing in a great many successes on the London stage, he came to this country to appear in Noel Coward's "Private Lives" and in the "Green Bay Tree."

Following this, he appeared in such pictures as "The Perfect Understanding," with Gloria Swanson; "The Yellow Ticket," with Elissa Landi and "Westward Passage," with Ann Harding. His two most notable works for Korda were "Fire Over England" and the "Divorce of Lady X" with Merle Oberon.

When Olivier boarded the boat at Southampton to come here, he had a copy of "Wuthering Heights" clutched importantly in his hand. "I remember," he says, "spending the early part of the first evening reading it—and after going to the gymnasium the first morning out, I had luncheon in my cabin and began reading again for an hour. That was how I planned to spend my crossing. It was then that Noel Coward called me—and called me down—saying I was not to eat any more meals in my cabin and that it was unfair to Leslie Howard and Anna Neagle, our fellow passengers.

"Noel insisted from then on that everyone be around all the time and we make the trip a glamorous one. You know, dress up and play sophisticated games and be witty and clever and never sleep. Well, that's exactly what we did. Of course, I never could accuse Noel of doing away with my copy of "Wuthering Heights," but it did somehow mysteriously disappear from my cabin and it certainly couldn't have fallen overboard by itself. Anyway, after the second day out, I never saw it again. I'm sure Emily Bronte's spirit, to say nothing of Sam Goldwyn's, must have been hovering over me in a dire mood."

Olivier's dark brown hair is of the longer than usual variety. His speech used to be the veddy-veddy of the veddy Shaftesbury Avenue Britisher—but that was before he heard American slang. Yet, it is English such as spoken by Englishmen who make us conscious that our language can have lilt and rhythm and cadence—that it is not coarse and shrieking and noisy. When Olivier talks, he seems to close his eyes—at least on the stage, he definitely does. And often keeps biting his under lip. Sometimes, during his more serious moments of acting, you could swear that he is mouthing his lines with his tongue in his cheek. That isn't so. There is a mischievous sort of laughter in his eyes, an unmistakable sign of his humor that cannot be hidden even during moments of great strain and tension. But it's a characteristic that no other actor possesses and one that is interesting to observe.

Today, his face has far more substance to it than the juvenile picturesqueness it had in the "Private Lives" days. Yet, he has the ability to bring to the fore that appealing youthfulness of his which is so captivating to the audiences of "No Time For Comedy" in which he appears opposite Katharine Cornell. But whether you prefer him as the struggling young playwright with his thick hair neatly slicked down, or as the wild, impetuous lover in "Wuthering Heights" with a rope around his middle, is merely a matter of individual taste. Arguments pro and con are the favorite pastime between the acts in the theatre where he is now appearing, with the majority of women preferring him as the stormy, passionate lover type he so skilfully portrays on the screen.

Great lover though he may be, his ardent manner with the ladies doesn't prevent him from being a dyed-in-the-wool gentleman. Because of this, he cost the studios several hundred additional dollars. In a slapping scene, it took four takes before he finally screwed up courage—or rather downed his gentlemanly background—and finally let Merle Oberon have it.

But as soon as the scene was over, he was at her side offering his most abject apology and murmuring something about it being in the line of duty.

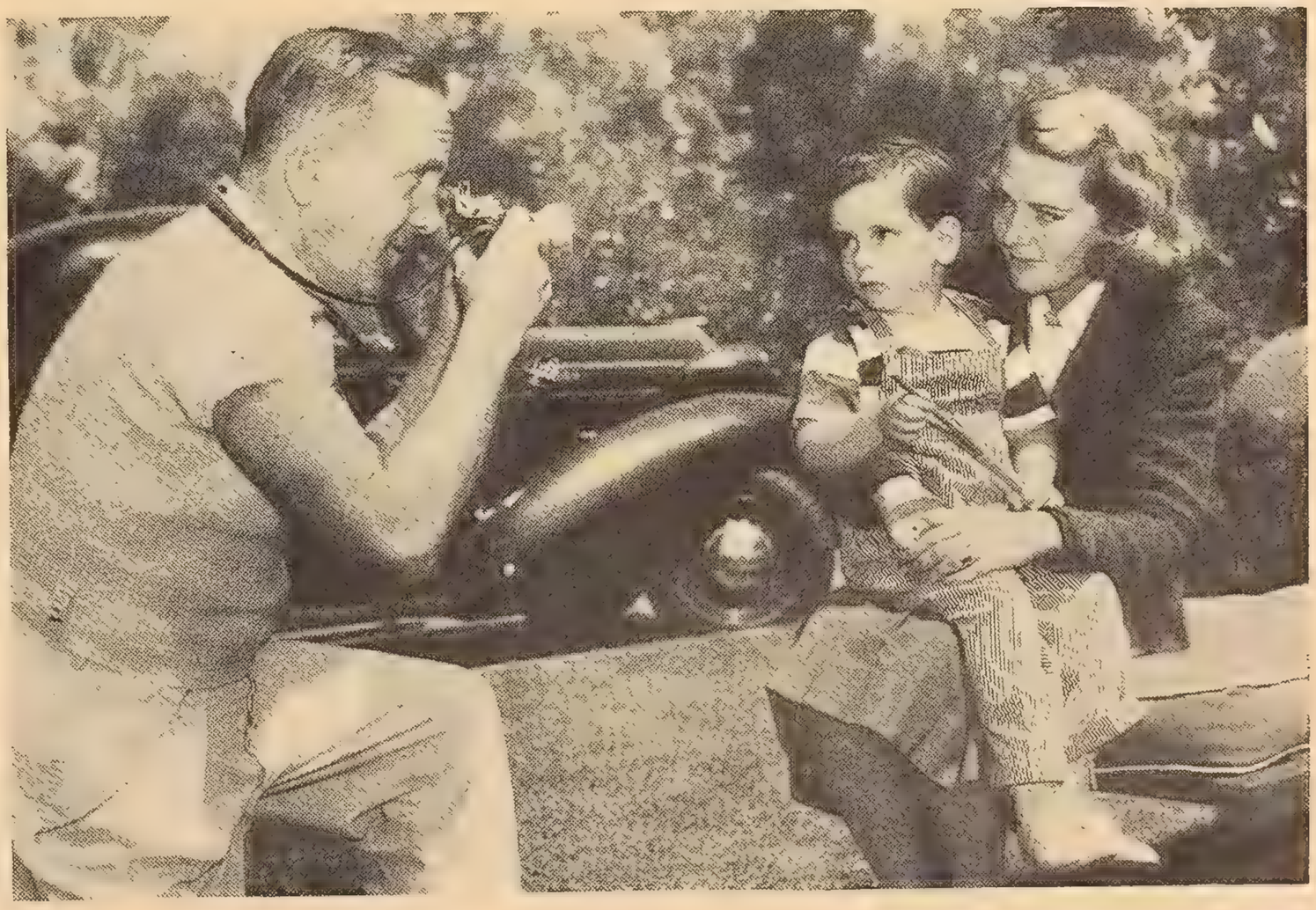
British born, though he is, this handsome young man with his dark, laughing eyes and refreshing manner, has already been infected with our American slang—injecting it into his conversation at every available opportunity.

Probably the most amusing story of Olivier's stay in Hollywood is the one concerning the pair of breeches he was to wear in "Wuthering Heights." Tight-fitting as were all masculine breeches of the Nineteenth Century, these molded so closely to the thighs as to appear almost invisible.

From the waist up, the wearer appeared dressed as a first-class gentleman dandy with tailed coat and ruffled jabot. But from the waist down—alas and alack—he looked for all the world as though he'd forgotten to don this most important bit of apparel.

With a shudder at what the consequences might have been, the offending breeches were returned to the wardrobe department and hastily cut into inoffensive dust cloths. Olivier realizes how closely a national moralistic scandal was averted—one that probably would have made him more talked about than Sally Rand.

Meanwhile, this gay, debonair young man with his genial smile and pleasant countenance, having made his peace with Hollywood, is happily engaged in the delightful pastime of annexing new feminine hearts. As for Garbo—"What does Garbo matter, when there's Vivien Leigh!"



Al Jolson snapping a picture of his young son and wife (Ruby Keeler). Al scored a tremendous hit with his performance in "Rose of Washington Square."

Who'll Win the 1939 Oscars?

[*Continued from page 39*]

until we know.

"Having your competitors say, 'In spite of what we've tried to do ourselves, we think you've done better' is a great compliment, considering the source. But there's more to getting the Award than that. A player in pictures doesn't get audience response directly, you must remember, as stage players do. We get letters, and sometimes we're told we've given good performances by personal acquaintances. But to be secretly voted for by people in your own special line of work is really the only public recognition we get for our movie efforts.

"It is marvelous that all the people connected with the making of films, technically, are honored by the Academy, also. You can score a picture expertly, but whoever gives you any credit except the Academy judges? The man who writes the best song of the year, the fellow who turns in the best film story, the one who contributes the best photography—they've all done their darnedest and you can bet they're proud to be handed Oscars!"

Bette admits she was more thrilled by her second award than by her first one. With typical candor, she explained, "When I received the trophy the first time, for my performance in 'Dangerous,' I felt it was a consolation prize!" The year before she had done "Of Human Bondage," but though there were an astounding number of write-in votes her amazing Cockney characterization wasn't even one of the three nominated candidates. Her award for "Jezebel" was warmly treasured because this was the picture which began a new phase for her. It was the first expensive production ever given her, the first time there was a dignity to her attempts, and she had spared no effort to be worthy of the opportunity. She wasn't embarrassed when she stood up for this Oscar.

"To be perfectly truthful," said Bette, declining dessert, "this reputation I have for being a great actress is fantastic and I'm not being coy! I admit I want to be one. But what few people realize is how lucky I've been in these past two years. Think of the marvelous variety I've been given. I've been jumped from one sort of role into its direct opposite, and that makes audiences think you are better than you truly are.

"For two years I've been assigned excellent material and I know it. 'Dark Victory' had everything in it an actress could want. Naturally I'm anxious for more such running-the-gamut parts, for more pictures written and directed and photographed and cut as it was. Because, like every actor and actress, I'm dependent upon the opportunities given me. None of us can register unless we have the right set-up."

Bette didn't add how she had done ten-odd films before she gambled her career on that daringly unsympathetic role in "Of Human Bondage."

"When I first came to Hollywood, I was full of big hopes that very soon fell flat. I thought there was no chance for me here. Some of the leading producers rated me zero; I had their word for it! I wasn't sensational, in looks or behavior.

"But becoming a fine actress and becoming a box-office wow are two different matters, you know. No one can tell you what it takes to be a star in pictures. So many things enter into it. A unique personality, perhaps. Exceptional appearance has often worked the trick. Provocative publicity has helped frequently.

"To become a skilled actor, however, you must work like fury to perfect a technique for expressing your moods in the most effective manner. Then, you must get the opportunity to act. You can't rely on personality or looks, though obviously they're never a handicap.

"Certainly there are many fine actors and actresses who could win the Academy Oscars for 1939. I don't understand why Garbo has never been honored. She is a very, very great actress. She's given performances no one else has even touched. I'd give my left arm to be able to do what she does on the screen. I rate her 'Camille' as one of the high-spots.

"I think Fay Bainter may win this year." Fay won the kudo for being the best supporting actress last year, after being nominated for the top spot Bette herself took. "Every time I think of Fay I think maybe there's hope for me in the years ahead. Fay has repeated her stage success in pictures. Though she was a great star in the theatre she began out here in lesser roles. Now all Fay needs is a great role on the screen.

"Looks and glamour," said Bette emphatically, "are no longer the sole criterion here, for which I am duly grateful! Those ridiculous whims that used to be Hollywood 'musts' are obsolete, too. Today none of us supposes he has to have a swimming pool and a butler, or be extravagant. It's what we can do on that screen, and not off it, that counts for us.

"I should say that Margaret Sullavan and Barbara Stanwyck could very easily win the top award this year, or any year. Both of them," argued Bette, "are unusually expert, I think, from anyone's viewpoint. They are so absolutely real and unaffected; there are no artificialities to their performances. They are, to me, grand examples of the new order in Hollywood.

"It wouldn't surprise me if Wendy Hiller, judging from her one picture to date, should come through with the number one acting job this year. Her case illustrates what precisely the right role, in the right film, does for you. If, of course, you are ready for its demands. She had a stage preparation; then she got intelligent and sympathetic direction from Leslie Howard.

"Of anyone in Hollywood now, I'd say Jane Bryan—ten years from now—can be the most important. I first saw Jane in an amateur play here in town, and while it was her first performance she was thoroughly at home. She has all the elements of acting greatness. She has that power instinctively to be 'it,' the person she wants to portray, and with complete reality. Jane is just beginning, comparatively, but she is very intelligent and could take advantage of a big chance. Of all the younger girls, Jane, to me, is most liable to develop amazingly."

Bette smiled. "I really mean that, even if Jane is my particular pet. Seeing her start has been like seeing myself start all over again. I was so much like her at her age. My background was like hers. Normal. We were brought up the same way, with none of the things, as a backdrop, that people say makes you interesting. She has a great love for her work, she looks a little on the meek side—as I did. She is hesitant still, but only because she hasn't had enough experience to gain confidence in herself."

"But," I interrupted curiously, "has Jane Bryan your fire, Bette."

"I haven't fire," retorted Bette promptly and firmly. "I have terrific enthusiasm. Jane has plenty of it, too, and when she's worked as long as I have she'll have more confidence. And it," chuckled the discriminating Davis, "will be mistaken by the likes of you for fire! Why, Jane's very decisive at heart; she wants things done right and if they aren't she—like me—can become a tornado on wheels. But she will have to plod along and work hard.

"I can think of at least four men who have never received Academy Awards," added Bette, "and any one of them may be the winner this time. All have what it takes. They all prefer to submerge themselves in their roles. There's none of the matinee idol streak in them. They act, because they've painstakingly learned the job of acting, and love it. They have photographic minds for details. I am thinking," said Bette, "of Leslie Howard, Jimmy Cagney, Cary Grant, and John Garfield.

"From the way John Garfield worked with me in a test I'll bet he will make his mark faster than any other new actor we have." John's first test at Warners was for a lead with Bette; he lost out to Errol Flynn. "He knew he was completely wrong, physically, for that role and yet he did all he could. He had a sincerity and a humility that was remarkable. He was scared to death, a fine sign. If I should ever be signing talent, I wouldn't give a second thought to anyone who could walk into a test as if it were nothing, without even a shiver. I'd suspect, if he were that composed, that that was all he'd ever be. It's like opening nights; all the great actors I've ever known were terribly nervous.

"But whoever is elected best for 1939, I hope the winning man and woman will be as happy to win as I was!"

The director of Bette's current opus called over that it was time for her to report back on her set. Will any of the stars she pointed out be *it* for this year? Her opinion should count for something!

ANNOUNCEMENT

In our next issue

Hollywood's foremost photographers give invaluable suggestions for the best results when you're having your own photograph taken

Don't Miss Them!



Dick Foran is highly amused as Rosemary Lane gets a sponging from the prop men during a beach sequence in "Daughters Courageous." But Rosemary got a chance to laugh a few seconds later when Dick got his sponging.

My, How Shirley's Growing Up!

[Continued from page 45]

Mrs. Temple thought it would be better if we didn't play Statue any longer. And so Shirley changed the game to Telephone. She patiently explained for my sorely-needed information that you took a word and sent it around the table on the q.t., then waited to hear what it would be when it got back. Leaning over, she whispered into my ear—it kind of tickled—"Elegant." Well, you'd hardly believe it, but in going the rounds that word changed to "elephant!"

Just then Shirley nudged me. Following her significant glance, I sneaked a look over my shoulder. On a tray at a side-table was a large order of ice-cream—choc'late.

It was a good lunch, and we all felt good as we filed out past tables of famous picture people who looked as if they never did anything but eat lunch.

Naturally, Shirley is so used to meeting notables that she takes them in her stride. Only once has she kissed a famed visitor. That was Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt. The charm of the First Lady of the Land completely won Star Number One. When Mrs. Roosevelt kissed her on the cheek, Shirley came right back with one in the same place. Asked how she happened to do it, Shirley told me, "I just wanted her to know how nice I thought she was."

In another way, Shirley was pretty nice to Henry Morgenthau, father of the Secretary of the Treasury. After tramping about the Twentieth Century-Fox lot all one morning, the venerable sightseer asked if he might take a nap in the Temple bungalow. As she was leaving to go back to work, his little hostess (Mrs. Temple calls her "the little old lady") brought a small afghan and spread the coverlet over Mr. Morgenthau with the solicitous reminder, "You mustn't catch cold."

Instead of my taking a nap, Shirley thought it would be better to have my picture taken with her on the porch. It was quite as though she'd never had hers taken before. She was just like any other little girl standing for a snapshot.

Then the two of us straggled off by ourselves. It struck me that Shirley must want to get away from crowds of people.

"No," she said, "they're all so good to me that I like them."

It goes without saying that they couldn't help liking her, real as she is, not "cute," as some mistakenly call her. Still, strangers probably ask a great deal of her.

"Well," she owned up, "they ask me for curls."

It could only be wondered, not without protest, if she ever gave them any. For answer, she determinedly shook those inviolate curls of hers.

"But," she chuckled, "they ask for funnier things than that."

Now what in the world could that be?

"Teeth."

Coming unexpectedly, this seemed the last word in souvenir hunters. But it was a relief to her.

"I haven't given away a single one. But I guess I ought to buy some false teeth, then I could."

She laughed at her joke. It was good, even if a bit on the ghastly side. Not that Shirley didn't have her serious moments on the same subject. For example, she related a recent experience in assuring me she still had seven of her baby teeth after losing one—swallowed it, that's what she did.

"When did it happen?" her mother had asked her.

"Yesterday," was the casual reply.

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"Well," explained Shirley, "I thought I'd better wait till I was out of danger."

Not only does Shirley love her many pets, but she makes pecuniary provision for them. A while ago she won a prize of $10 in a radio slogan contest. Half of it she spent to buy a footstool for her mother. Asked what she had done with the remaining five dollars, she replied, "Oh, I put it in my pig bank for a rainy day."

Shirley could, of course, make thousands of dollars by going on the radio. But her parents have decided against it, at least for the present, feeling that, with three pictures a year and her schooling, their remarkable child has quite enough to keep her busy. Meanwhile, Shirley is a great radio fan. Every night she "listens in," mostly to blood-and-thunder, cops-and-robbers programs. Hence the G-Woman complex. But the radio has also served to bring out the patriotic side of her nature. Whenever the national anthem is played she makes the whole family stand up. "What's the use," objected the younger of her two brothers, "if they can't see us doing it?" "Never mind," chided Shirley. "It's more sincere to stand up when nobody's looking."

At another time, while deep in her history lesson, she duly impressed a full-grown patriot by looking up with the sage observation, "You know, this *is* a great country."

Towards the end of the afternoon we passed together, Shirley manifested a lively interest in other less serious things than national pride and national anthems. When we found ourselves in the recording room, her eye fell on a lot of drummer's traps. Then and there she organized the Coat-Hangers Orchestra. With one of the regular musicians at the piano and herself equipped with drumsticks, she hastily arranged that others of us, electricians and what-not, be supplied in the interests of resounding percussion with plain everyday coat-hangers. These were banged upon cymbals, xylophones and the like, while Shirley cut loose hand-and-foot on the drums in what may safely be declared the most deafening rendition of the waltz from "The Merry Widow" ever heard.

Exploding The Stand-In Myth!

[Continued from page 41]

Bill Hoover? Or Nick Borgani? Certainly not. Yet Mary Lou Isleib is the stand-in for Shirley Temple, Frances Sawyer is stand-in for Sonja Henie in Joan Taylor's illness, Miss Doyle is the stand-in for Barbara Stanwyck, Bill Hoover is the stand-in for Edward Arnold, and Borgani is the stand-in for dapper Adolphe Menjou. I could reel off one hundred names of stand-ins and you wouldn't recognize one of them. They don't even get their names publicized, and to succeed in this business, you have to get publicity.

Let's examine a few case histories of stand-ins. For three years, Ann Robinson has been in front of cameras and yet never has been photographed. This Memphis, Tennessee, girl came to Hollywood to get into pictures, failed and was happy to get the job of stand-in for Olivia De Havilland. She laughs at stardom ideas.

Charles "Jumpy" DeBeaver, stand-in for Edward G. Robinson, gave up parachute jumping as a profession several years ago when he was severely injured at Roosevelt Field, N. Y., when his chute failed to open and he landed a few feet from a pile of rocks. He's quite content to be a stand-in for Robbie and looks no higher.

Mary Avery, stand-in for Gloria Dickson during the filming of "Old Man Minnic" and other Warner Brothers pictures, has taken that job with the hope that it will lead to entering pictures as an actress. A native of Des Moines, Iowa, Mary worked there in stock for many years and also taught drama. In the stock company she appeared with Ralph Bellamy and other persons now prominent in pictures or on the New York stage. In Hollywood she teaches acting to a selected number of students. Blonde, blue-eyed and attractive, she closely resembles Miss Dickson.

Marie Wilson's stand-in is Ruby Wood, who, at the age of 14, ran away and joined a circus. Now only 28, she performs hazardous feats for a number of feminine players and, with her husband, makes a business of supplying complete circuses to motion pictures in addition to working as Marie's stand-in. Early in her career as a circus aerialist she fell forty feet and fractured every bone in her feet.

Sally Sage, pretty blonde stand-in for Bette Davis, tried to get into pictures. Unable to get a break as an actress, she took the stand-in job. But she hasn't given up hope—in fact, she believes that her chance of becoming an actress (not a star) in her own right are better now than they ever have been, because Bette is teaching Sally elocution, diction and allied theatrical arts during their spare time.

Frankie Van, Hugh Herbert's stand-in, is the former boxer, having won A.M.A. flyweight championship in 1922. He gave up fighting in 1928 but is widely known to Southern California fight fans through his services as a referee. He doesn't even dream of stardom.

Bert Kennedy, stand-in for Pat O'Brien, was a vaudeville actor for twenty years, and travelled all over the world with his act. Now he stands in contentedly for Pat but at the same time, like most stand-ins, he is still ambitious and looks forward to the days when a revival of vaudeville popularity may give him a chance to go a-travelling again.

From stand-in to star (though not in America) was the almost incredible leap made by Anita Weber, who worked for Rosemary Lane in "Hollywood Hotel." She returned to her native Switzerland to play the lead in a Swiss-made film.

Her photograph, appearing with Rosemary in "Variety Show," was published in a Berlin roto magazine together with an account of her career. Oesterreich Films, learning she was a native of Switzerland, immediately opened negotiations to have her play the lead in "White Mist," screen version of a famous European novel woven around the Swiss Alps.

However, the stand-ins do not feel at all morbid about the situation. To them, it is all in a day's work and, most important, it is a day's work. They have no illusions of grandeur, these kids, but they do wish that sappy writers would stop penning those asinine stories about them.

Reviews

[Continued from page 51]

they can do with such a shallow story. Somebody ought to be ashamed.

GOODBYE, MR. CHIPS

ULTRA-ULTRA—*M-G-M*

JOHN HILTON'S exquisitely written sentimental story of an English schoolmaster comes to the screen as one of the greatest "heart" pictures of all times. The picture, like the book, wraps itself around your heart in the early sequences and never once relinquishes its grip until the final fade-out when Mr. Chips, now an old man in his eighties, tells the doctor that he *has* had children —thousands of them—"and all of them boys." Robert Donat, an English actor last seen here in "The Citadel," plays Mr. Chips, and gives as great a performance as we'll ever have the good luck to see. Greer Garson, of the London stage and a newcomer to films, is admirable as Mrs. Chips, making of her a beautiful, gentle and womanly woman. As a matter of fact, there hasn't been anyone on the screen so "womanly" in years, and what a relief Miss Garson is after all this Hollywood Glamour. The story, as you probably know, is the study of a shy young unsophisticated man who becomes a teacher at an English boys school where he has hopes of one day becoming headmaster, and where some sixty years later he dies, a fine old gentleman, loved by the entire school. We see the agony of his early failure to cope with the unruly boys, his lonely middle age, his romance and marriage, the tragic death of his wife in childbirth, and finally, the War. It's a rare good film, and you mustn't miss it.

SOME LIKE IT HOT

WHERE THERE'S HOPE ETC.—*Paramount*

AN unpretentious, but very gay, comedy with some of the best laughs of the season—and decidedly the best song hit, "The Lady's in Love." Bob Hope plays the big talking owner of a broken down, bankrupt side show on an Amusement Pier. In his starving troupe are Shirley Ross, who has ambitions to be a singer, Una Merkel and Gene Krupa and his orchestra. How they all become big shots—with no thanks to Bob—makes for a very amusing picture. Una is a stand-out in several swell comedy scenes, and of course you jitterbugs will just go mad over Gene Krupa and his drums.

ONLY ANGELS HAVE WINGS

TOP-FLIGHT ENTERTAINMENT—*Columbia*

HERE'S a picture that's packed with thrills and action and just enough of that romantic stuff. With a little seaport town in South America for the locale the whole picture reeks of colorful atmosphere—and what fun that is. Cary Grant gives the performance of his career and is so swell that you'll want him for Christmas. Cary plays a two-fisted aviator who is in charge of the airmail service in this godforsaken spot, and in order to get the airmail contract he and his adventurous pilots have to fly in all kinds of rickety planes through storm and fog. into this nerve-wracking spot drops Jean Arthur, an entertainer of sorts, who takes a good look at Cary and decides to miss her boat and hang around awhile. Outstanding among the devil-may-care pilots are Richard Barthelmess, Thomas Mitchell, Allyn Joslyn, and Noah Beery, Jr. Sig Rumann plays the bankroller of the enterprise. Rita Hayworth plays Cary's former girl friend who has gotten herself married to Barthelmess, an outcast flyer who is trying to re-establish himself in the flying game. There are plenty of thrilling scenes that will have you on the edge of your seats.

6000 ENEMIES

ANOTHER PRISON YARN—*M-G-M*

WALTER PIDGEON, one of the better actors, plays a district attorney with political ambitions who seeks to promote himself by sending men and women to prison on trumped up evidence. A thoroughly despicable young man. But there comes a time when he, too, is railroaded to prison. He finds himself dumped in with the hundreds of hard-boiled guys and crackpots that he has had convicted, and when they start evening off their scores with the one time prosecutor an exciting time is had by all. Rita Johnson plays one of his victims he meets in prison, and is very, very pretty, even in a prison uniform. In the supporting cast are John Arledge as the prosecutor's young brother, Harold Huber as a racket boss, Paul Kelly as the prison doctor, and Nat Pendleton as a sulking prisoner. It's what we call a program picture.

[*Continued on page* 81]

IF YOUR EYES ARE BROWN, LIKE FRANCES LANGFORD'S

Here's how to look Your Loveliest!



Radio Star, now appearing on the "Texaco Star Theatre"

Use MARVELOUS MATCHED MAKEUP...keyed to the color of your eyes!



ANN: Choose *face powder* by the color of your *eyes?* I never heard of such a thing!

RUTH: It's a wonderful new way, Ann, and it applies to rouge and lipstick, too! Do try it! Really, with Marvelous Matched Makeup you look lovelier *instantly!*



ANN: With your *brown* eyes, it's *perfect,* Ruth! But what about *me,* with *gray* eyes?

RUTH: Whether your eyes are gray, blue, hazel or brown, the Marvelous people have the right shades for you, Ann! They tested girls and women of every age and coloring—



ANN: And they found proper cosmetic shades depend on *eye* color, Ruth?

RUTH: Yes! And so they created Marvelous Powder, Rouge and Lipstick keyed to your true personality color, the color that never changes—*the color of your eyes!*



RUTH: Marvelous Matched Makeup is what we've all been looking for, Ann! The powder is simply wonderful—clings for hours—never cakes or looks "powdery"! Silk-sifted for perfect texture, it gives your skin a beautiful suede-like finish!



RUTH: You'll adore the rouge and lipstick, too, Ann! Marvelous Rouge never gives that hard, "splotchy," artificial look . . . just a soft, *natural* glow! And Marvelous Lipstick goes on so *smoothly*—gives your lips such lovely, *long-lasting* color!



ANN: Marvelous gives a thrilling new beauty *instantly!* You can get the Powder, Rouge, Lipstick separately (Mascara, Eye Shadow, too) but for *perfect color harmony,* get them all! Just order *by the color of your eyes!* At drug and department stores, only 55¢ each!
(65¢ in Canada)



55¢ EACH

MARVELOUS *Matched* MAKEUP

By Richard Hudnut

KEYED TO THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES!

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My eyes are Blue ☐ Brown ☐ Gray ☐ Hazel ☐
Please send me my Marvelous Matched Makeup Kit—harmonizing shades of powder, rouge and lipstick in generous trial sizes. I enclose 10¢ to help cover mailing costs.

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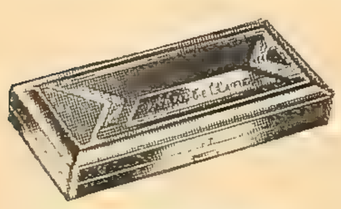
LOLA LANE
star in
"Four Daughters"

Any famous movie personality knows that beautiful eyes are one of her greatest assets. On the screen or off, she'd never risk a garish, too-made-up look. So of course she uses Maybelline—the modern, flattering eye make-up in good taste.

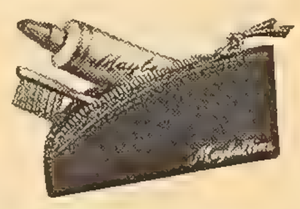
"You never see me without correct eye make-up!" Says Lovely LOLA LANE

You can have eyes like stars this same easy way. A soft blending of Maybelline Eye Shadow over your eyelids does things for your eyes—makes them look larger, wider-set, more luminous. The Maybelline smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil is perfectly pointed to form graceful, expressive brows. Maybelline Mascara darkens your lashes to long sweeping loveliness, instantly. No trouble to apply. It's harmless, tear-proof, non-smarting. And it stays on perfectly—keeps the lashes soft and lustrous.

If you want your eyes to be noticed and admired, insist on genuine Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids. Attractive purse sizes at all 10c stores.



Maybelline Solid-form Mascara in gold-colored vanity, 75c. Shades, Black, Brown, Blue.



Maybelline Cream form Mascara (easily applied without water) in dainty zipper case. Same shades.



Maybelline Smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil. Black, Brown (and Blue for eyelid liner).



Maybelline Eye Shadow in six glamorous harmonizing shades.

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Righting Wrong Impressions

[Continued from page 23]

"difficult." Finally Borzage, a kindly soul, called her aside and asked her why she had to laugh every time Spencer said the line. "Because it is funny," said Hedy, "how can a hook be sandy?" (Hedy, of course, is in that stage where she takes her English very literally.) The line was changed to read, "We are now passing Coney Island," and there were no more laughs from Hedy. But it was several weeks before she could assure Hollywood, and the columnists, that she wasn't "difficult."

About the most misunderstood actress in Hollywood is Alice Faye. Alice suffers from shyness, good old-fashioned shyness that makes her go cold all over, break out in goose pimples, and feel sick at the pit of her stomach. Shyness is something that Hollywood, the land of the exhibitionists, can't understand at all, so poor Alice gets misunderstood every time she sticks her nose out of the door. Because her shyness won't allow her to be palsy walsy with the press, and because she freezes when anybody who looks like a reporter or a fan writer comes near her, she gets herself called high-hat, stuck-up, and a so-and-so.

Being a shy person she naturally lacks confidence in herself, and that's why she had rather go to the dentist than have photographers take a picture of her, or give an interview. She is fully convinced that she is the ugliest person in Hollywood, and that she has nothing to say that's the least bit interesting to anyone. The fact that she is now one of the Big Ten in the Box Office popularity poll hasn't changed Alice at all—that old inferiority complex still holds her tight in its clutches. Ask Alice what she thinks of herself in one of her pictures and she will tell you that she thinks she's lousy. And she isn't kidding, either. But something's wrong somewhere. You can't be lousy and be way up there in the popularity poll with Shirley Temple, Clark Gable, Myrna Loy, and Sonja Henie.

The great misunderstanding of Alice Faye in Hollywood got off to a good start shortly after she became a star at Twentieth Century-Fox studios. Alice was in the midst of production when she received a wire from New York that her father was extremely ill and to come at once. She walked right out of the picture and took the first train East. In Chicago she was greeted by a jeering flock of reporters and photographers who informed her that her father had died in the free ward of a public hospital. "What's the matter," they sneered, "are you too elegant for the old man now you're a movie star? Couldn't you slip him a buck occasionally." Alice was so deeply hurt that day she has never gotten over it.

When she first came to Hollywood she tried, in her shy little way, to be nice to the press and the photographers, but that cruel experience in Chicago just sort of fixed things up dandy. Of course all the papers and fan magazines ran stories about Alice's father dying in a ward—



Mary Healy, 20th Century-Fox player, who appears in "Second Fiddle." She's being groomed for stardom.

but very few of them took the trouble to mention that it wasn't Alice's fault. That Mr. Leppert and his daughter were close pals, and that Alice, the most generous person in the world, would never let him be in need of anything. It just so happened that he was stricken suddenly and was taken to the nearest hospital.

Naturally, oh yes indeed, Hollywood believed the worst and when she returned to the studio she was regarded as some kind of inhuman person, cold, hard, and stuck-up—especially as she chose to keep her sorrow to herself and not weep publicly on every convenient shoulder. Urged by her publicity department Alice, a year or so later, made a final effort to be cozy with the press. She was given a press party. She was so frightened by the time she had bucked up enough courage to attend it that she was almost cold and numb when she arrived. Now the boys and girls of the Fourth Estate were really trying that day to be extra nice to Alice, who was fast becoming one of Mr. Zanuck's best gold mines—but poor Alice took one look around, and walked right out of the party! "Huh," said the press, "so she snubs us. So, who does she think she is! Guess she's got something more important to go to." As a matter of fact Alice had gone straight to her room, thrown herself across the bed, and cried her eyes out for hours.

Alice is essentially a party girl and likes nothing better than to go to a night club with Tony, and when the hour gets late she will sing as long as someone

plays the piano for her. But she's not much on those rather stuffy dinner parties that Hollywood goes in for. She usually finds herself sitting in between two people she's never heard of before, and can't say a thing to.

Alice suffered through a couple of these dull Hollywood dinner parties, and decided that it wasn't worth it. She doesn't care a tinker's dam about society anyway. But when she refused the invitations of Hollywood's *creme de la creme* hostesses they announced that she was a crude little person, really.

The studio decided to give Alice a straight acting part in "The Girl from Brooklyn," without any songs. The studio decided it, *not* Alice. But when it was announced in the newspapers, of course, all Hollywood said, "So she wants to be a dramatic actress now! Well, I don't think Bette Davis need worry." When Alice refused to give interviews (she and Tony were having difficulties at the time and Alice didn't want to discuss them with the press) the writers lost no time in saying, "Now that she's a dramatic actress she's gone high-hat on us."

Because the story suddenly became out of date, due to a change in world events, "The Girl from Brooklyn" was temporarily shelved, but you can bet your bottom dollar no one would give Alice a break on that. A picture shelved in Hollywood means only one thing—bad acting. So quite naturally everyone went around saying that Alice couldn't act, that she had better stick to her singing. At least one person didn't say that, though. Hedy Lamarr. Hedy was taking a bit of blame, to[illegible] for "I Take This Woman" which had to be shelved after $800,000 had been spent on it. There is nothing so humiliating to a star as a shelved picture. Though usually it is story trouble and not the star's fault at all.

When Hollywood heard that Alice had eight radios in her house they threw up their hands in holy horror and said she was ostentatious and vulgar. But it just happens that Alice is crazy about radio and likes to have one in every room—and why shouldn't she? And when Hollywood saw Alice dining out with her hairdresser and stand-in constantly they said she had no chic. It didn't occur to the so-called social leaders of Hollywood that a hair-dresser and a stand-in might be far more interesting than a social-climbing author and just anybody from Café Society. Not only more interesting, but much more loyal.

Well, if you want to be misunderstood just come to Hollywood. I can fix it up for you. In a week I can have you so thoroughly misunderstood that you can't even understand yourself.



Warren Hull, at Monogram, getting a huge kick out of Marsha Hunt and the story she's telling him.

Marvels of Make-up

[Continued from page 50]

Lahr's make-up as the Cowardly Lion even included an automatic wagger for the tail, which performed all styles of tail-wagging from a majestic sweep to a staccato wag of an estactic puppy. Incidentally, Bert could remain in the costume only fifteen minutes at a time. Frank Morgan used several make-ups as the "Wizard of Oz," each as startling as the other. Judy Garland, as the little heroine of the story, was the only one not bothered by grotesque make-ups. Concerning Judy, though, it was discovered that her attractive dimples are noticeable working under Technicolor whereas they don't show in black and white photography. More light and electricity were used in this musical extravaganza than in any other picture ever made. When you see the "Wizard of Oz," remember that another wizard was behind it all in the person of Jack Dawn, who experimented for months and months before obtaining the marvelous make-ups worn by the cast.





ROSY, TEMPTING LIPS...

warm, soft and fragrant...are every man's ideal. But "painted lips"—never! Use Tangee Lipstick because it *isn't paint*... because it gives your lips "natural", alluring loveliness. Orange in the stick, Tangee changes to *your* most becoming shade—ranging from delicate rose to glamorous red...and its special cream base helps keep lips smoothly tempting.

FOR MATCHED MAKE-UP, use Tangee Rouge, compact or creme, to give your cheeks appealing "natural" color...and velvety Tangee Powder, for its exclusive rose-toned *underglow.*

REMEMBER, both Tangee Lipstick and Tangee Creme Rouge are *swim-proof,* smearproof.



BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES! *There is only one Tangee—don't let some smart salesperson switch you.*

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Be sure to ask for TANGEE NATURAL. *If you prefer a more vivid color for evening wear, ask for Tangee Theatrical.*



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The George W. Luft Co., 417 Fifth Ave., New York City...Please rush "Miracle Make-Up Set" of sample *Tangee Lipstick,* Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder, also Tangee Charm Test. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). (15¢ in Canada.)

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No Wonder She's Happy

[Continued from page 27]

tune, he got up and danced a step. Then I danced for a moment—and the first thing we knew, there we were dancing together—and liking it immensely! It almost seemed like a scene from one of Fred's pictures.

"Surprisingly enough, although both of us have always created our own numbers, we found that we had the same feeling for routines. So that was another worry over—and soon we two were getting along famously."

In their forthcoming picture, however, Eleanor and Fred won't be doing any ballroom numbers together. For Eleanor, in addition to being a gifted dancer, has one of the cleverest heads in Hollywood.

"In teaming with Fred," she explained, "I'm not in any way trying to step into Ginger Rogers' shoes. Ginger and Fred have their own style; I have mine."

"In 'Broadway Melody,' Fred and I will both do solo work. We'll also do two numbers together. They'll both be tap routines, and any ballroom numbers in the script will be danced by George Murphy and me. In the story, you see, Fred has a dancing rival—that's the part George will play. Fred finally wins me, though."

According to present plans, the first Powell-Astaire duet will be a top hat, white tie and tails number, with both of them dressed identically. There will also be a Harlem number, with them both in black face. This one probably will tell a story—Fred, shooting craps, will be diverted by Eleanor, as Lulu Belle. Then they will dance together.

This latter is the type of routine that Eleanor prefers—a dance that tells a story or furthers the plot of the picture rather than stopping the action of the story to concentrate everything on the dance. Most of the time she devises these story-telling routines herself.

She admits that many people at the studio think she is absent-minded, but hopes that some of them realize that when she wanders around the lot with a far-away look in her eyes she is working out, mentally, a new dance idea.

She appears most absent-minded when she is beginning rehearsals for a new picture. She hears the songs in a rehearsal hall, and spends hours of time fitting steps to them. And since most of her work calls for "hot" tunes, she relaxes at home by listening to classical music.

Eleanor is interested in the ballet, too. She has worked out a Flame Ballet which she hopes to have included in "Broadway Melody." As a matter of fact, she says she would rather do a soft shoe number than a tap routine, although she bans toe dancing on the ground that she is too tall.

In her Flame Ballet Eleanor will represent the sun, dressed in gold tights with red points shooting out around her body. The ballet girls will be clouds, which will drift away from the scene after she enters, to do her solo. Then the boys will come on, dressed in red, as flames ignited by the sun. For the climax, rain will fall and the flames will die away.

"It would be grand in Technicolor," Eleanor enthuses—and her enthusiasm is so contagious that you are certain that it would be grand indeed.

But Fred Astaire, "Broadway Melody" and fiery ballets are not the only things that stir her interest. Most of all she was excited and pleased by the reception fans had accorded her whenever she appeared in person.

It had been thrilling, she told me, to be dancing on a New York stage again. Thrilling to dance before an audience after three whole years away from the footlights. But she knew—and here is another example of her level-headedness—that a great number of friends, relatives and former associates would wonder what she was like, now that she was a Hollywood star.

In order that there might be no misunderstanding, no reason for anyone to think she had "gone Hollywood" or high-hat or upstage, she gave strict orders in New York that her dressing room was to be "open house." And "open house" it was, so that throughout her stay there was a waiting line backstage that seemed, at times, almost to match the line of patrons waiting to get into the theater "out front."

Eleanor saw them all—and almost wore herself out in the process. She never left the theater from the time she arrived, in the late morning, until late evening, when—her four or five shows completed—she escaped to her hotel. For a week her meals consisted almost entirely of hastily eaten drug store sandwiches and "cokes."

During the brief hour and a half between shows she had to find time for an alcohol rub, have her hair fixed and her make-up freshened; autograph pictures, grant interviews, see friends—and rest. Usually, there wasn't any time left for her to rest. When she got on the train for Washington, she was a very tired young woman on the verge of a nervous breakdown.

When they arrived in the Nation's Capital, her mother, who travels with her, acting as a "buffer" when needed and doing everything a devoted mother can to spare her daughter needless bother, decided it was time to put her foot down. Since she has made two trips to Washington to attend the President's Birthday Celebrations, Eleanor has friends by the score in Washington, and the demands on her time were just as heavy as they had been in New York.

But all invitations were kindly but firmly refused by Mrs. Powell. Even a note from Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, expressing the hope that Eleanor would drop by the White House for tea had to be declined by a sick girl determined to continue doing the four strenuous shows each day that were called for by her theater contract.

This interview was one of the very few granted by Eleanor during her week in Washington.

"New York was grand, in spite of everything," she declared. "It seemed as if I saw everyone I had ever known. But



When Eleanor Powell recently arrived in New York for personal appearances, she was greeted by an escort of Loew theatre ushers.

what really broke me down was the children. They were really touching.

"There is a New York dancing school named after me, and one day the whole school came backstage to see me. Some of the youngsters cried, and hugged my dancing slippers and kissed my hand—and pretty soon I was crying, too. I can't begin to tell you how much it all meant to me."

Just as Eleanor was pleased and touched, however, so was her mother grateful for the warm welcome that awaited them everywhere. But in the midst of it all, she was making plans for the two weeks between the end of the personal appearance tour and the beginning, in mid-summer, of six weeks of rehearsals for the picture with Astaire.

"When we get back to California, Eleanor is going to have two weeks of real quiet and rest," she said. "She'll lie in the garden, in the sun, and get back all the energy she has been expending on this tour. It won't take long—she's a good healthy girl and snaps back quickly."

So, with her plans for the months ahead well mapped out by her studio and her mother, Eleanor faces a future with certain events already scheduled and waiting. If the Powell-Astaire team pleases the public, it is certain there will be other pictures starring these fascinating dancers.

After her three years' contract is up Eleanor hopes to do a show on Broadway again. For, much as she likes picture making, she likes seeing an audience more.

She would like, some day, to act a "straight part" with no dancing. She's studying now, trying to become a better actress as well as a better dancer. Those who saw her personal appearance were surprised by her excellent imitation of lanky Jimmy Stewart—an impersonation so good it may be worked into her next picture. She's prouder of that bit of fun-making than of all her dance routines!

In the meanwhile, however, she is very happy dancing. And she cannot imagine ever giving it up altogether. So there's a pretty good chance that Eleanor will still be dancing—and still having the time of her life—when "The Broadway Melody of 1950" rolls around!

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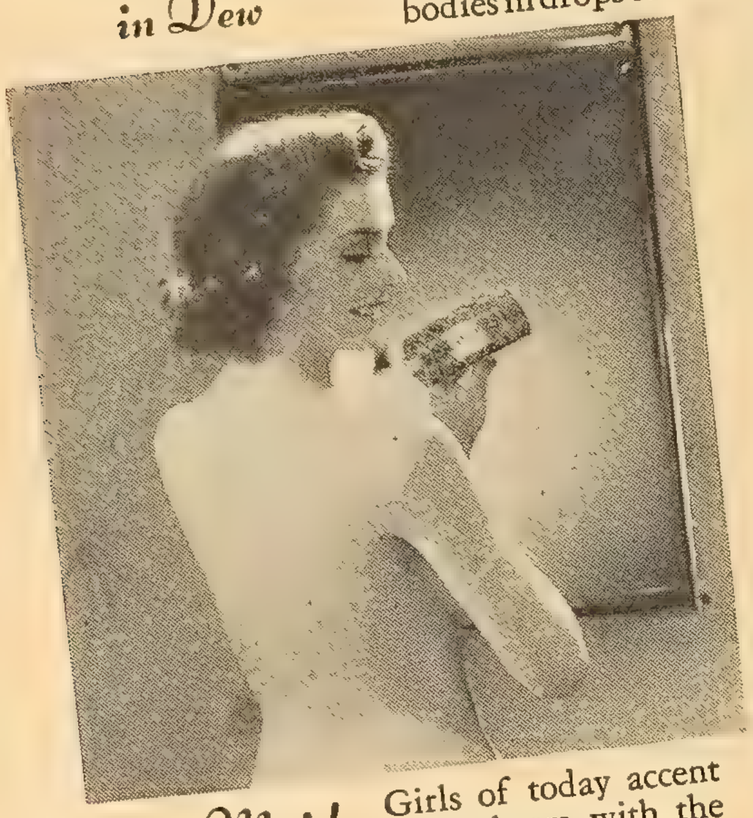
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DJER-KISS
(Pronounced "Dear Kiss")
TALC
By KERKOFF

A Ghost for a Year!

[Continued from page 43]

of becoming an actress. Her mother, Annette Yde, a concert *singer,* who devoted most of her time to training Hollywood actors and actresses to fulfill the voice requirements of radio's Maestro Microphone, had taught her young daughters (Ann has two younger sisters, Bonnie who composes music, Marion who writes fiction) to play several musical instruments; she had carefully trained Ann's lyric soprano voice. Also, young Harriette would spend from five to seven hours daily at her piano. A concert pianist, perhaps a composer, too, these were the careers upon which the little Lake had set her soft blue eyes.

And the point to be made is, that she didn't *have* to have any career at all if she didn't want to. Her father, Walter J. Lake, a produce broker of substantial means, was more than willing for Ann to complete her fourth year at the University of Washington, to lead the life of a socialite debutante. But no, even then and even so, Ann was working like a beautiful, blonde little beaver.

So she came to Hollywood to visit her mother. And Hollywood got her. She made a picture or two. She signed a term contract with M-G-M. Just like that. The late Paul Bern, then a producer at M-G-M, took a keen interest in her career, became her firm friend. All of which is especially interesting, and somehow indicative of the purposeful pattern Fate weaves, when you consider that now, as the second picture of her New Deal, Ann has made "Maizie" for M-G-M. And M-G-M is again entreating her to put her signature to a long term contract, offering her all of their high-voltage batteries for a spectacular Ann Sothern "build-up." And "Maizie" was a story bought for the late, beloved Jean Harlow, and the part Ann played had been designed and tailor-made for the little Harlow.

So Hollywood took Ann in hand and started her on a career which branched out and included the stage, the second lead in Ziegfeld's "Smiles," starring Marilyn Miller, parts in other stage plays, "America's Sweetheart," "Of Thee I Sing" . . . then pictures again, "Let's Fall In Love" with Edmund Lowe, and then pictures and more pictures and so many pictures that the feminine lead in Eddie Cantor's "Kid Millions," "Folies Bergere" with Chevalier, and those five R-K-O years of "Smartest Girl in Town," "Dangerous Number," "Fifty Roads to Town," "There Goes My Girl" are enough to name without entirely losing my breath.

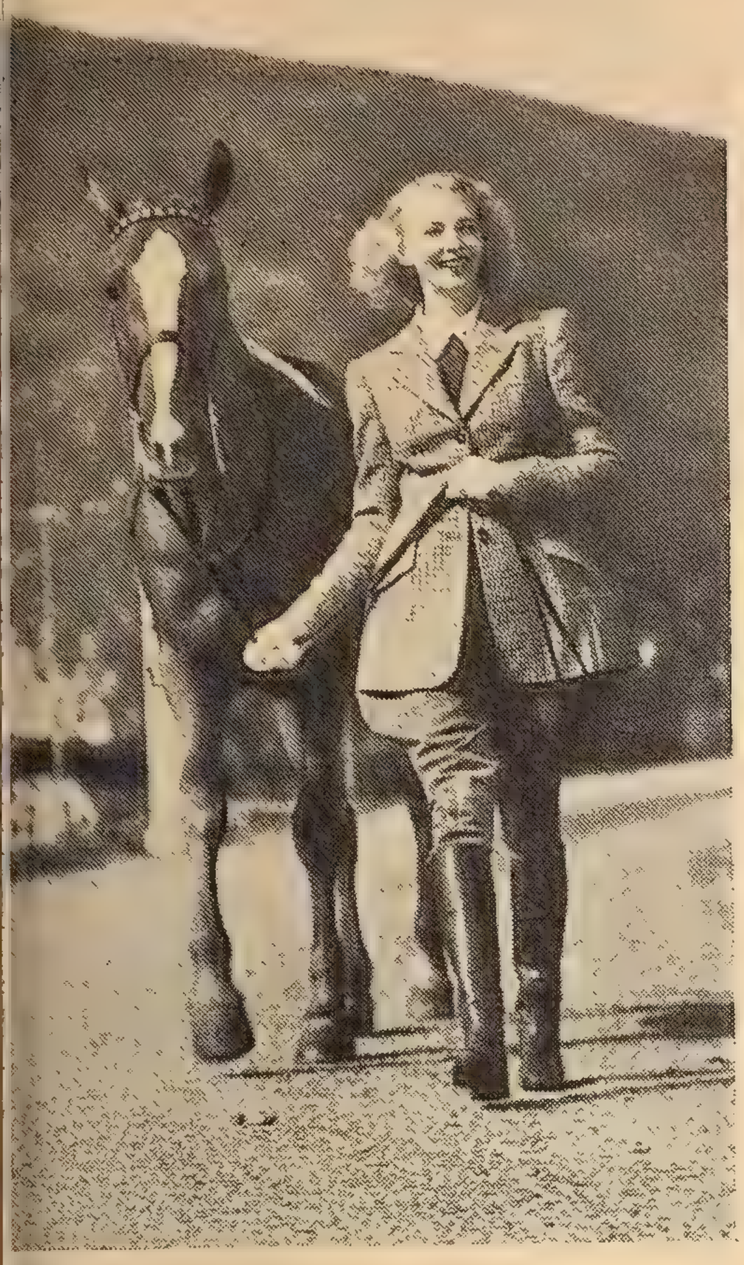
During this time, too, and not without considerable complication and heartache and delay, Ann married band-leader Roger Pryor, and then spent her time B-ing and flying . . . not to be *too* cute, I mean that she spent her time making "B" pictures at the studio and planing out of Chicago or other points East, to be with her traveling husband. And this, Annie finally concluded, was NOT the life! What was it getting her? Well, no professional satisfaction out of her work and no personal satisfaction out of her private life. Something had to be done about it. Annie did it.

She said, "You can't work well unless you're happy. When you're in love, you can't be happy unless you're with the one you love. I was losing out, both ways: If I'd kept on with my career the way it was going I would have been a dead pigeon in less than three years. If Roger and I had kept on living the way we were never together, no home of our own, no home life . . . well, we wouldn't have been any different than some others, similarly situated, who have cracked up in the divorce courts. *It can't be helped.* These week-end or separation marriages *cannot succeed.* I just wasn't happy. I spent six months thinking it over, giving my nerves little hypos every now and then. I talked it over with Roger, of course. And Roger, of course, wanted me to do what *I* wanted to do. When I did make up my mind, it was like *that*"—Annie snapped her small pink fingers (very firm little fingers, they are, too, when you examine them)—"I just handed in my resignation and then . . .

Ann fetched up a fetching sigh. She said: "I really didn't think it would be the way it was. I was pretty tired, I'd been working awfully hard, I thought it would be swell to be free. So it was—at first. I really did rather enjoy it for the first three months. Then I got a little tired of being so *very* free. It was not that I couldn't have worked. I could have. But not the kind of work I wanted. I'd given up my contract in order to get the right kind of thing or nothing at all. I had to stick to my guns even if they blew me over the hill to the Poor House!

"You want to know what I really thought, felt, did? Well, at first, I didn't do much of anything. I kept telling myself that this was just what I needed, a rest, a vacation, it was simply fine. Then —I thought, oh, Optimism, that the day after my resignation, well, the day after *that,* at the latest, a big, fat "A" picture would drop right into my lap and put its arms around me. It didn't. Not the next day nor the day after that nor the day after that, nor . . . say, *what was this?* The phones stopped ringing—much. The Press, you know, has always been wonderful to me. Even at my B-iest there was seldom a week that I didn't have two or three interviews. There were always photographic sittings going on: home sittings, fashion sittings. Suddenly I looked in the magazines and there weren't any pictures of me, no interviews, not even a gossip item. I had a kind of feeling such as a ghost might have who comes back to his old habitats and no one sees him.

"It was especially bad for me, of course, because I had no husband to fall back on. I had no home, no home-life to fill the sudden vacuum which my life had become. Roger was away most of the time. I couldn't continue to go flying about, trying to live his life; that's no kind of a life for a woman, too uncertain, too here today and somewhere else



Virginia Bruce on her estate with her favorite mount, George

omorrow. Besides, I dared not be away or long.

"I'd saved some money, of course. And, t first, for the first six months, I lived ust as I'd been living, pretty extravagantly. But as the months passed and Nothing Turned Up and the dread possibility of Never Working Again showed ts ugly face I realized that Economics had come into the pictureless picture. I would NOT haul down my colors. I would NOT compromise. So I gave up ny rather large house and took a much smaller house. I got along with half the number of servants I'd had. I cut expenses everywhere. I stopped buying clothes.

"I have five friends . . . wasn't it Emerson who said that he who can count his friends on the fingers of one hand s blessed among men? Well, I am so blessed. For I do have five friends who would be my friends, I *know*, whether I was picking stars out of the sky to wear n my hair or coals off the tracks to burn on my hearth (Joan Bennett is my closest friend of anyone in the business) so I had nothing to fear in that way. And hey were all for me, they all felt that was doing the right thing.

"But then the worst thing of all happened to me. *I stopped going out.* I wouldn't go anywhere. I wouldn't accept any invitations. I wouldn't entertain. I tell you I had this ghastly feeling of being a ghost among living men and women—because they were working, doing things and I was not, this made me a Ghost.

It was toward the end of this period, too, that Ann found young David, now aged eleven, and took him for her own. The story of how and where and under what circumstances Ann and Roger found young David, is a story Ann won't tell. It is enough to say, I think, that they did find a little boy who needed a home, loved him on sight, took him home with them for their very own. And now in their new home, they are a family of three . . . Ann and Roger and David . . .

"And then" said Annie, "then they gave me the script of "Trade Winds"—and there it was! I was justified. I had won. I had my new start again! It wasn't the star part, it wasn't even a particularly big part, but what do I care about that?—*it was for me!* Well, I did it and you know what happened." We all know what happened, I guess. We all know the warm and generous "hand" Press and Public gave *this* little girl! We all know with what warm enthusiasm columnists, reviewers, radio commentators, everybody, everyhere hailed her performance in "Trade Winds" as a "come-back," . . . and how . . . *with all the heartening adjectives at their command.* Ann says, "I'll never forget the preview. Roger was here at the time, thank Heavens, and it's a wonder his arm isn't black and blue and powerless, the way I kept squeezing and pinching it. And then I made "Maizie" for M-G-M and now with "Hotel For Women" for 20th Century-Fox I have my *start* again! And I will never again play anything but a character part. I want to play the kind of parts that, even if my hips spread and my chin falls, I can still peek around a corner and make them laugh, I can still work. For if you make them laugh, they don't care how you look, whether your next birthday is your Seventeenth or your Seventieth. You can go on forever, making people laugh . . . and *I want to go on forever!*

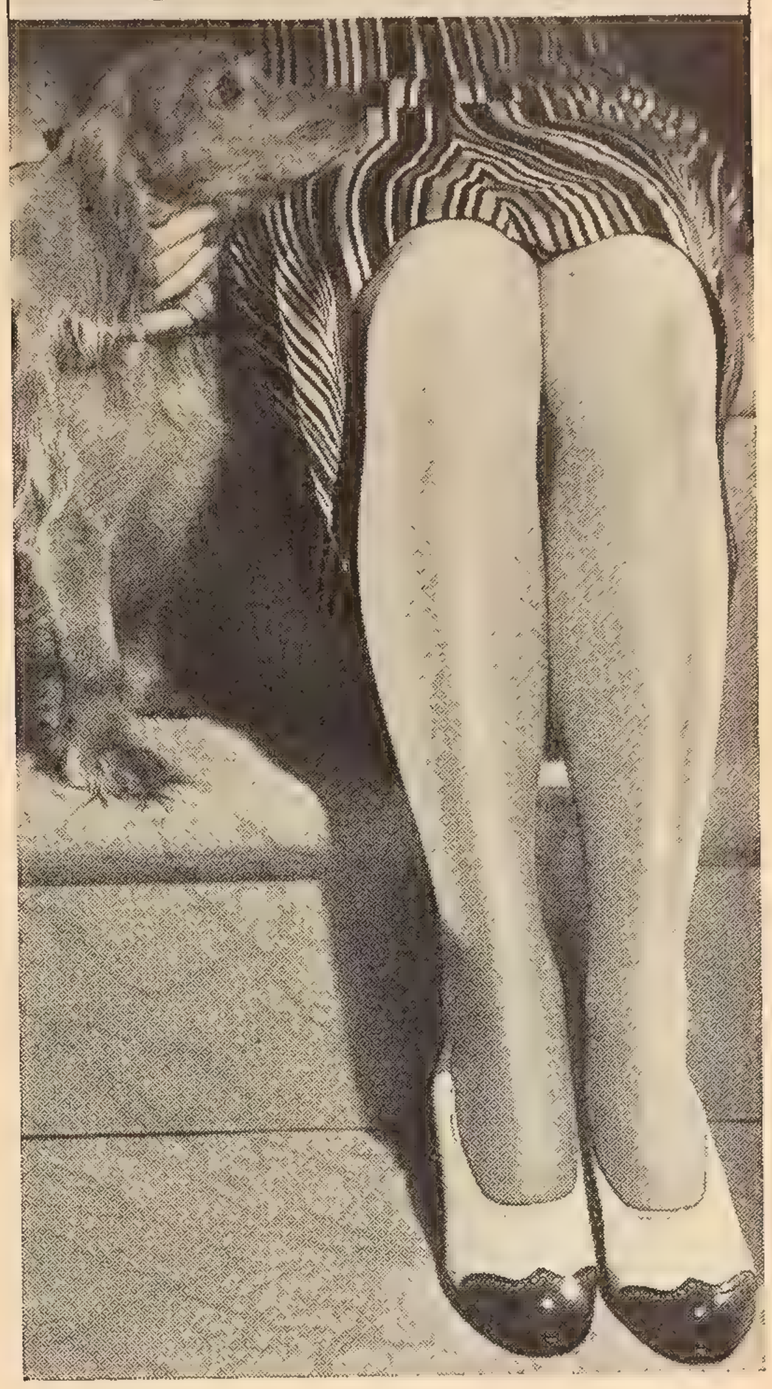
"I want to play down-to-earth girls, girls who may not always use the right grammar but who have their hearts in the right place. I want to play earthy girls, Sex-Appeal girls, too, for as long as the Sothern "exposure" is photogenic. I want to play *people,* not paper dolls. I don't care a hoot how big the part is or how small so long as when I'm on that screen, *you know it.*"

"And it was all worth it," Ann said, "it was the most important thing that ever happened to me, that year I was a ghost. It taught me some great lessons. It has given me a stability I never had before. It has made me realize the value of money. It has made me realize how important the big things are, how unimportant the little things. It has made me realize that to face a crisis is good, that we should try to take crises standing because they generally adjust themselves in time. It has made me feel one with other working girls, other women, as I never felt before.

"And now," said Ann, as the resonant voice of Elsa Maxwell seemed to be coming nearer, getting up a game or something, no doubt! "and now, everything is wonderful! I not only have my start again, my own New Deal, but, for the first time in our married life, I have my husband with me for keeps and for the first time *we* have our home. For Roger has given up band-mastering. Roger is going to make pictures again. Roger won't leave me anymore.

"We have just bought our first "boughten" home, here in Beverly Hills. For the first time we are buying our own furniture, too, and it's simply gorgeous."

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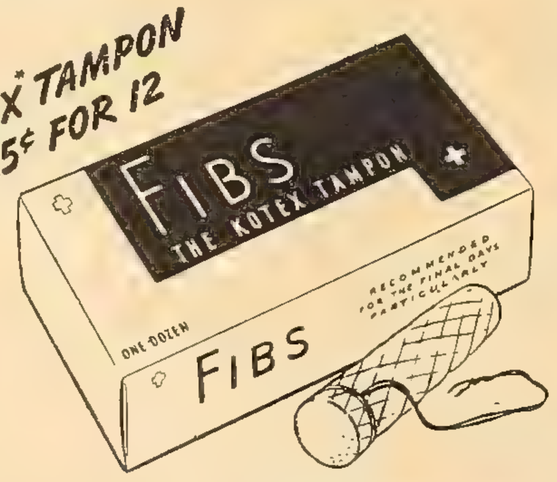
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Secrets of a Hollywood Hostess

[Continued from page 25]

so detest. Your parties *are* definitely the most outstanding parties which have ever been given in Hollywood. That is an acknowledged fact by every person who has ever been privileged to receive an invitation from you. No one else in Hollywood seems to have the imagination or genius for creating such beauty and splendor and at the same time real enjoyment."

"But I think," said Mrs. Rathbone, "the reason why stars entertain so rarely is that most of them spend their days on studio sets, in make-up, under those terrifying lights from nine o'clock in the morning until seven and eight o'clock at night, so is it any wonder that they prefer the more informal kind of entertainment, and slacks to an evening gown, or flannels and a sweater to a stiff shirt front and hard collar. They prefer their relaxation in the form of parlor games which do not require much mental effort on their part, and they rarely allow themselves to indulge in anything more strenuous, except perhaps on Saturday nights, when some of them who can afford it play poker or bridge where huge sums of money exchange hands. As I'm not engaged in any kind of work out here I naturally have more time to devote to arranging a party. Having been active for many years as a writer and decorator, I now find it very difficult to relax and just be a housewife. That is one reason why I go to so much trouble and pains over my parties. My imagination is stimulated and my decorative talents are given full scope. In other words, I get the same thrill out of it that a director would get out of producing a film. The only pity of it all is that it is not so renumerative."

As this juncture the butler appeared with the tea and Mrs. Rathbone became busy with the china. I could not help admiring the arrangement of the tea table with its dainty lace cloth, bowl of tea roses, and the beautiful old silver service gleaming in the sunlight. Mrs. Rathbone was delighted. She proudly displayed the beautiful Georgian design of the kettle and other appointments, confiding to me that it was her husband's 13th Wedding Anniversary present. This reminded me that this year they had failed to give their usual Wedding Anniversary party. When I asked her the reason she curled up in the corner of the sofa, and fed bits of cake to her West Highland terrier, as she explained that in the future all her big parties were to be for charities.

"I feel," she said, "that the great unhappiness and injustice that is being imposed upon the people in certain parts of Europe have made us here in Hollywood lose sight of the distress and poverty within our own doors. I think it is time that we did something about the unfortunate in Hollywood. So I have decided to use my talents for creating beautiful parties, and my ability for organization, towards helping the less fortunate in our profession. Each year I am going to sponsor a benefit for the Actors Relief Fund and another for the Hollywood Guild. I organized one recently, and as you know it was a great financial success."

Hollywood will never forget that benefi party. And I doubt very much if eve before so many stars have gathered unde one roof—or rather tent—as at the gar den fete she recently gave for the benefi of the Hollywood Guild. Imagine eigh or nine hundred Hollywood celebritie dining and dancing and having the tim of their lives under one tent, until seve o'clock in the morning, with Eddie Robin son, cigar in mouth, conducting the or chestra, and a magnificent, spontaneou floor show.

I found myself at my particular corne (the power of the press, you know), i the company of Gary Cooper, Marlen Dietrich, Hedy Lamarr, Rudy Vallee Tyrone Power, and Annabella, Rosalin Russell, Errol Flynn, Dolores Del Rio Myrna Loy, Jimmy Cagney, Pat O'Brien Joe Schenck, Mary Pickford, Bria Aherne, Allan Jones and Irene Hervey Dick Arlen and Virginia Grey, Ott Kruger and his lovely wife, Lana Turner Ernst Lubitsch, Miriam Hopkins, Loretta Young, Cary Grant, Joan Bennett—well why go on? There were clusters of stars executives, directors, and society belles n matter in what direction you looked Every one of them had been greeted an placed by Mrs. Rathbone. Her face wa beaming, but her voice was husky. Ther are a thousand and one details to b attended to before giving such a colossa party in one's own garden, and she ha attended to every one of them. Te women would have collapsed under th strain of the work she did to make it success and set a new record in the socia annals of movieland.

"I am curious, Mrs. Rathbone, to fin out how you went about organizing suc a gigantic undertaking," I asked her.

"Well, first I had to find a place wher I could give the party. I first thought o Earl Carroll's. I wanted Mr. Carroll t put on a new show so that I could ad vertise it as such and be able to get great many people who would otherwis not come to see the same show. Thi could not be arranged so I abandoned th idea and started on another plan. thought a skating party at one of th popular rinks might be amusing—build ing a Bavarian Village, with snow an icicles. But after weeks of trying to carr out this plan, I found that no rink woul co-operate and so I had to start all ove again. The Trocadero and Clover Clu only seat about 400 people and I wante twice that many, so I had to think o something else. In desperation I finall went to the Administration offices of Be Air and asked permission to use two acre adjoining our property. They gracious consented.

"After the grass and weeds had bee cleared, I found to my dismay that th ground was so uneven I had to get bulldozer to level it off. Men worked o the grounds for days preparing it befor the tents could be set up. My next ste was to put up the tent One end of th

ent was completely of glass, so that the eautiful golf course and lights of Los ngeles could be seen, and glass doors hrough which the guests could wander nto a grass terrace bordered with flower- ng plants and garden furniture and an rtificial moon.

"Then I contracted with a caterer who as done all my catering for many years. Ve agreed on a price per plate and de- ided on the menu. I arranged with Som- rset and Barclay for wines, and conceived he idea of wine discs in denominations f 25¢, 50¢, $1 and $5. I had little red, hite and blue silk aprons made especially or the wine girls to wear, with pockets o take care of the four kinds of discs, nd the money for change. We needed o many things for decorations and other quipment and I didn't want to spend ny more than was absolutely necessary, o I had to call upon all the studios for lonations, and they generously complied. also conceived the idea of having two lance floors so that more people could e right on the floor and not feel that ny preference was being shown.

"Then I designed the invitations, or- lered one thousand and sent them out. I irst took my own mailing list, then added he names of hundreds of others supplied y the studios and friends. I next selected committee which was composed of the ollowing names: Joan Bennett, Marlene Dietrich, Janet Gaynor, Dolores Del Rio, Mary Pickford, Myrna Loy, Mrs. Hal Roach, Mrs. Spencer Tracy, Mrs. Edw. G. Robinson, Rosalind Russell, Claudette Colbert, Hedy Lamarr, Kay Francis Mrs. Jules Stein, Mrs. Jesse Lasky, etc. When he tickets were printed and distributed among the committee, the sale began, and very studio was canvassed. Then I needed cigarette, check and wine girls. I made out a list of prominent names, called a meeting and coached them in their duties for the evening.

"Publicity was very important, so a committee meeting was called at my house for publicity pictures. The night before the party, Harriet Parsons, of Columbia Studios, came with her movie camera and took pictures for a short, of some of the glamour girls helping me decorate and fix up the tent. Hedy Lamarr was shown arranging flowers, Rosalind Russell counting chairs, Dolores Del Rio and Claire Trevor arranging china, etc. Then the movie photographers took some pictures of me instructing the girls in what they were supposed to do the night of the party. This part of the procedure rather terrified me. Photographers always scare me to death. I had been working all day in the tent in slacks. My hair was a bit windblown and I was not made up. They made me sit with all those beautiful glamour girls, made up and dressed for the occasion. It was a cruel trick and I shall never forgive them.

"After all the girls left I intended to stay with my two secretaries and seat every one of the 600 reservations we had received, when Rosalind Russell, who was about to go, suddenly turned around and asked me what I was going to do. When I told her, she said, 'Well, I never heard of such a thing. You can't do all that alone. I am going to stay and help you.' She carried chairs, helped to place tables, and worked with us until four in the

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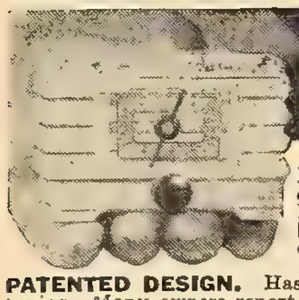
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morning, for which I was grateful.

"Phil Ohman and eighteen men supplied the music for the party. There was telephone service and a telephone connection at the Bel Air Country Club, where they allowed us to park 125 cars. We were prepared for 600 guests; 850 or more came. We managed to take care of all of them but it took a bit of ingenuity. The party lasted until 6 a.m. but it was 8:30 before I went to bed. I had to wait for all the money to be checked and turned over to me. As I sat waiting in the gray dawn, a private patrolman who had been on duty for the party entertained me by reciting poetry. When I asked him how he could remember such long poems at that time of morning, he answered that I had inspired him. And when he deposited me on my doorstep with the money bags, he gallantly kissed my hand and thanked me for the most thrilling and beautiful evening of his life. That compliment meant more to me than all the other compliments I received from the celebrities who were my guests.

"The following week, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday we worked checking money, reservations, bills, etcetera. Even on my Wedding Anniversary, I worked until nine o'clock at night, and arrived in the dining room only in time to have a toast drunk to our happiness at the end of dinner. The receipts for the party were over $11,000 with a profit of $5,270 for the Guild."

Frankly I was astonished and amazed at the amount of work which went into that party, but the results of that magnificent evening must have been very gratifying to Mrs. Rathbone, and more than repaid her for her tireless efforts in making it an outstanding success. But the thing that amazed me more than anything else about the party was the fact that almost every man in the room wore tails and a white tie. When I mentioned this to Mrs. Rathbone, she smiled, as she answered, "I am afraid I am almost military in my social life. I want men and women to dress when they come to my parties. Many people don't see any reason why a man should put on evening dress just to dine with his wife. To me it is the greatest compliment he can pay her.

"One should insist upon beauty, formality and discipline in one's life. Order is the most important thing of all. If you are a disorderly person you can never retain the respect of your friends. I admire my husband for the order in his life. His desk, letters and papers are always in perfect order, as well as his ties, his shirts, his collars and clothes. There is order in the way Basil plays a part, in the way he wears his clothes; there is order in his mind and general behavior. He is always gracious to me. He pays me pretty compliments and notices everything I say, everything I wear. He is never too tired to address the servants pleasantly at night when he comes in from the studio. It is the little things in life that count, consideration for the other person and respect for their privacy. Someone once asked Basil why our marriage was a success. He replied, 'I think it is because we respect each other's point of view.'"

"Mrs. Rathbone," I asked, "you've spent several years in Hollywood at different times in your life; tell me, do you find that it has changed very much?"

"Yes, decidedly. Hollywood has grown up. Fifteen or twenty years ago when Hollywood gained its undying reputation for wild parties I regretted missing them." She smiled, "I have been told they went to parties in bathing suits. Certainly women in those days were very bizarre in their style of dressing, while the men attended formal affairs in sweat shirts and open collars. Los Angeles society shunned the movie set. Actors couldn't get into any respectable club. I know—because I came out here for six months, and my husband and I were embarrassed to find that his name had been rejected at one of the important clubs out here because he was associated with the film industry."

On her second visit, she noticed some improvement. The women dressed better but the attire of the men still left much to be desired. "I buried myself in my garden. Nobody liked me, and I didn't worry about it. They considered me a snob. They called me Mrs. Ritzmaurice. I was then married to Director Fitzmaurice and was writing scenarios for Pola Negri's and Valentino's pictures. The European invasion had started. I gave the first party in honor of Ernst Lubitsch the day after he arrived in Hollywood."

Mrs. Rathbone has noticed the changes that have taken place in Hollywood society toward respectability, conventionality, ideals, appreciation of the finer things in life. "I have lived in Paris and London and New York. I have given parties elsewhere, but never anywhere have I been able to collect so many interesting and celebrated people from all over the world, at my parties. Where can you group around a dinner table such famous people as Arthur Rubenstein, Heifetz, Kreisler, Grand Duchess Marie of Russia, Thomas Mann, Dorothy Thompson, Sinclair Lewis, Hugh Walpole, James Hilton, Lawrence Tibbett, Richard Tauber, Duchess of Sutherland, Iturbi, the Baroness Ravensdale, Katherine Cornell, Alexander Woollcott, Sidney Howard, Somerset Maugham, H. G. Wells, Jeritza, Stokowski, Max Reinhardt, etc. All these exciting personalities have been our guests in Hollywood, many of them at the same party. Rubenstein has played hours at parties in my house; Richard Tauber has given a full concert for my guests; and a celebrated orchestra has played all night for us. I challenge any hostess anywhere else in the world to surpass the above list of celebrated guests at any one party.

"And this is the way society in Hollywood nowadays enjoys itself. Today you will find important actors at the Philharmonic Concerts, as well as all the other important concerts which include Kreisler, Tibbett, Tauber, Rubenstein, Rachmaninoff, Elman, Iturbi, Anderson, Lotte Lehman, Kirsten Flagstad, etc. And where is there a finer private collection of paintings to be found anywhere in the world than those of Eddie Robinson? On the walls of most of the stars' homes today you will find fine etchings and paintings, you will see splendid sculpture and artistically appointed homes in every detail. Even the architecture has advanced from the bastardized Spanish or



Judith Barrett, of Paramount, takes a morning dip with her faithful wired-haired terrier, Pat. Following the swim, they play ball together.

Italian to the classic Georgian lines."

And so the conversation drifted away from parties to the more personal side of Ouida and Basil's life.

"You know, Mrs. Rathbone, I am amazed! With your personality, why have you never become an actress?" She laughed as she shook her head, "I thank God I am not an actress. I would not change places with the most beautiful star in Hollywood. I feel many of them miss a great deal of the charming and real things in life. The profession itself is such that it is impossible for them to be altogether natural. In a way it is not their fault. I blame the studio experts who have spent years making them glamorous and publicizing them as if they were gods and goddesses with no faults and feelings of any kind. I feel sure most of them would like to be less in the limelight and have more freedom to go out in public without feeling they are constantly being observed."

"How about those famous Hollywood bachelors who are so much in demand at parties," I asked her.

"I am afraid a great many of them are as spoiled as women, for they receive as much adulation, if not more. A bachelor does not have to entertain but once or twice a year. He can spend a few dollars and send a hostess, whose hospitality he has repeatedly enjoyed, a box of flowers, or he can write her a note of thanks, which is usual in any well regulated society. But in Hollywood many of the bachelors take it for granted that his presence is quite sufficient. Of course, there are exceptions. Doug Fairbanks, Jr., has never been to my house without sending flowers, and Brian Aherne always writes the most gracious notes.

"Walter Pidgeon is another thoughtful bachelor who never misses the opportunity of expressing his appreciation in flowers or some other charming gesture, and there are a few others, but the majority are too busy to think about what is to them an unimportant gesture. Some of the Hollywood bachelors will only be seen at a preview with a glamorous feminine star because they are certain to be photographed together, and it is such good publicity. I feel that this phase of the business is destructive to genuine friendships, and such a pity, too," she lamented.

This brought us to the question of friendships in Hollywood. "Friendship is a very rare thing," said Mrs. Rathbone. "It should not be given freely to every person who comes into one's life. Fritz Kreisler once said to me that the only way to find complete happiness was by elimination. 'Eliminate from your life every person and thing that is not an important part of your life. Friends must give something, either artistically, mentally or spiritually. One's friendships should be few. Many friends only clutter up one's life, making it impossible for one to give as much of one's self as friendship demands.' Most of my close friends are scattered. They are not in any one place. One lives in Vienna, two in London, two or three in New York.

"I don't know why it is," Mrs. Rathbone continued, "but there are hardly any intimate friendships in Hollywood. Basil once said to me, 'Isn't it odd, Ouida, that we have no close friendships here?' There are few people here that one can tell one's troubles to. Hollywood people seem to be so completely absorbed in themselves, in their careers. They are charming, yes, very gracious on the surface, but that is all that one can expect of them. If someone should ask me, 'Do you know Miss So-and-so who was at your party?' I am afraid I would have to say, I don't know her at all. I don't really know anything about her. She comes to my house, she is very decorative and charming, but when she has gone it is as though a lovely perfume had invaded the atmosphere of the room for a little while. You open a window, and the scent is gone.

"The stars don't go to their friends with their troubles. They go to lawyers and managers whom they pay to listen to them. And so friendship in Hollywood is a very impersonal thing. Flowers are sent, and the florist usually writes the card to go with them. I am always pleased and surprised when I receive flowers with a card written by the sender. For me, these little attentions are important, but I am afraid I am rather old-fashioned and out of date, because I place so much value upon real friendship and the importance of a gracious gesture. But, personally, I don't see how it can be otherwise in Hollywood. There is so much competition and the demands made upon everybody connected with the moving picture industry are so overwhelming that the relaxation and other conditions necessary for genuine friendship do not exist."



*

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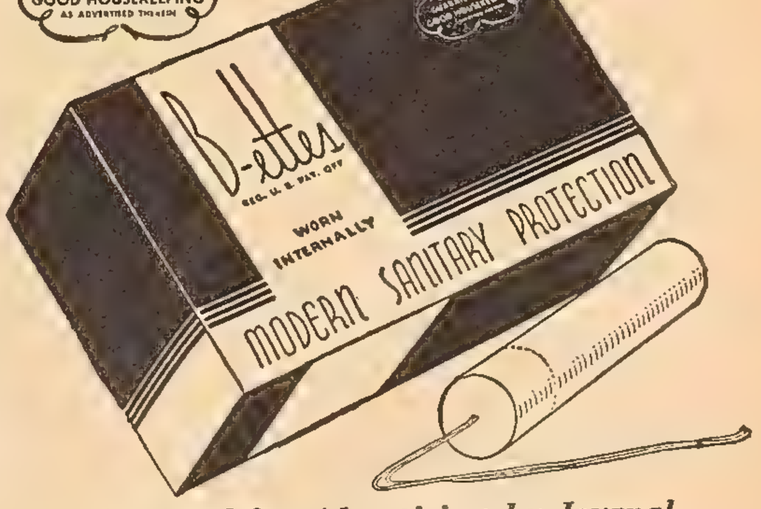
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"I Gave Up My Career For Love"

[Continued from page 47]

the stage matures a girl. Men nearer my own age seemed callow and unsophisticated to me. Just as another girl of nineteen, who had led a more sheltered life, would have seemed too immature to Ben.

The things he liked most in me were the things my profession had given me. It amazed him to discover I had a real knowledge of life, that I could discuss things with him. He liked my philosophy, the more or less easy-going acceptance of things as they come that stage people acquire, the emotional thing in me that had made me an actress in the first place. I'd never met a man just like Ben before. He was steadier, more earnest, more down to earth. At 31 he had become a judge in a New York Court. At 34 he was very sure of the things he wanted in life.

I was madly in love with him and when he insisted I give up my career I felt, well, almost flattered—the way a woman will when the man she loves demands something of her. To me it seemed just another proof of his deep devotion for me that he wanted me all to himself, that he would tolerate no other rival even though that rival was something as impersonal as a career.

It's funny isn't it, the way men want to make over the woman they love. And usually it's the very thing which drew them to that woman in the first place that they want to change. Haven't you seen the man who adored the little chatterbox do his darnedest to turn her into a reserved wife, or another try to change the reticent girl he loved into a social gadabout.

Sometimes it's only little things a man wants to change. A hair-do maybe, or the color of your lipstick or nail polish or the way you dress. The very thing they admire is the thing they seek to destroy.

That's the way it was with Ben. He wanted to change me, too. Only it wasn't the way I did my hair, or the color of my lipstick or my nails he wanted to change. He was taking away from me the very thing that had made me myself.

No woman would dream of asking a man to give up his career. Yet taking mine away from me was like taking a man's life work away from him. After all I'd worked for it since I was five. I'd known no other life. When it was gone it took most of me with it.

You understand that, Bette, don't you? You know it isn't just a matter of ego, that when it comes right down to the core of it it isn't the excitement or the adulation you want but the sense of doing something, of accomplishment and effort.

But I didn't think of that when I gave it up. I was overjoyed at the thought of having a home of my own, the secret dream of every one in show business who's ever lived in a trunk and known the loneliness of one night stands and continually pulling up stakes. It was thrilling buying things for my own home.

You're going through that now, Carole, getting excited over a beautiful piece of chintz or a lovely old table or a pair of crystal candelabra. You're finding the fun of entertaining and doing all the little homey things that are probably making Clark so proud of your domestic accomplishments that the praise you got for "Made for Each Other" seems wishy washy in comparison. But don't get your values mixed, Carole. It's the things in you that made it possible for you to give that sensitive performance which are going to last. That's your work, Carole, you know that, don't you? You'd be as lost without it as I was.

Don't think I'm belittling the importance of making a home. I'm not. That's a career just the same as acting or painting or writing is a career. But there are women who were made for that particular career, just as I was made for mine.

I never had a chance to be domestic. Cooking has always been an unsolved mystery to me. If circumstances had been different, if I had had to do my own work, maybe things would have worked out differently. I'd have been doing something then. I only would have exchanged one career for another. But there were servants to do those things for me, far better than I could do them. In the beginning I tried to do things myself, dusting, polishing, mending until I saw it was annoying the maid whose job it was to do them. She didn't like my interference. She didn't understand when I explained I was doing it because I wanted to do it, not as an unspoken criticism of her work.

And I'll never forget the time I went into the kitchen and tried to make a cake. The cook looked at me with that isn't-she-cute look that a fond mother might give her little daughter playing at keeping house. I never tried it again.

I'd never had leisure before. When I was working there were so many things I'd wanted to do that I never had time for. The leisure my marriage was going to give me seemed like a beautiful present. I though of being able to read all the books I wanted to read, of lazy hours demanding no pressure or exertion, of playing bridge, a game I loved and had time for only on train trips.

But it was the leisure that got me down. Those days and days and days when there was nothing I *had* to do. The monotony of them pressed in on me so that none of the things I could do gave me any real pleasure. Reading had always been a delight, now it became aimless, purposeless. I began to hate bridge and the chit chat that went with it. All I could think of were the years rushing by leaving me behind, doing nothing. I thought of myself getting older and accomplishing nothing. Years are so precious in show business. There are so few.

First I became restless. Then I became bored. I wasn't myself any more. I probably bored Ben then. How could I help it. I certainly bored myself.

Sometimes people would mention things I had done. A woman came over to me in a theatre lobby one day and said, "I'll never forget you singing, 'Sing You Sinners' in 'Honey.' I saw you do it three times and still wanted to hear you again!"

She might have been talking of another girl. I had no feeling that girl ever had been myself. But I remembered the excitement of making that picture, the crowded hours, the rehearsing, the thrill that came when the director said, "we'll shoot that scene now."

I cried going home in the taxi that night. Ben tried to comfort me. But how could he? He didn't know what I was crying about. My lost career was a taboo in our conversation.

I remember looking over my scrap book. Here was a picture of me when I was a kid of five supporting Madge Evans in one of her pictures when she was the child star of her day. Here was another one of me on the Ziegfeld Roof. I was doing a song and dance act there and so thrilled to be playing on the same bill with Maurice Chevalier. I admired him so much. Then one evening Lubitsch came to the Roof to see Chevalier, who was going to make "The Love Parade." He saw me and signed me up for the picture too. The only motion picture work I had done up to that time outside of those early days in Fort Lee had been a series of shorts. But now I was going to Hollywood to play in a Chevalier picture!

Pictures in a scrap book to others maybe—items in gossip columns, stories in fan magazines—but they were more than that to me. They were bits of the life I had lived. They were parts of a girl who had loved that life. A girl who was vital and had a purpose in living.

I looked at myself in the mirror. I was only a few years older. I looked the same. But I didn't feel the same. That girl who had played Huguette in "The Vagabond King!" How eager she had been!

I had wanted that role so much. Just remembering how I wanted it made me feel the old urge again, the fear I mightn't get it, the hope that I would. I remember going up for the test and the director, thinking of my comedy role in "Love Parade," saying to the casting director: "I asked for a Pola Negri and you send me Louise Fazenda!" How determined I was to show him that I could do drama as well as comedy, that I could play that girl who died for love. How much it meant to me when I got the job! Things like that weren't happening to me any more. I'd have gladly taken disappointments, heartaches, anything at all for the sake of feeling a sense of things happening again. Anything would be better than this feeling of marking time with life.

It hurt when old friends who were going on in their work talked to me almost as if I were lazy, as if I had given up my career from choice. Of course I couldn't explain without being disloyal to Ben and so I kept quiet. But the worst part of it all was when offers came. It was hard to turn them down. Once I tried to tell Ben how I felt but when I saw it hurt him I couldn't go on. Now I see that I should have told him.

We were getting further and further apart but neither of us would admit it. We tried to force a feeling we no longer felt. We kept saying this can't be happening to us. But it was happening.

There weren't things to talk about any more. In taking away my greatest interest he'd taken my interest in everything.

Only one thing would have taken the place of my career but that was denied. I had always wanted a baby. But wanting one wasn't enough. The baby we both wanted so much never came.

We decided to adopt a little girl and found one we adored. All the arrangements were made but at the last moment her widowed mother decided she could not part with her and so the plan fell through. It was then, when Ben saw how unhappy and listless I was that he lifted the ban on my career. He consented to my accepting an offer to sing at the Trocadero out in Hollywood.

I was there a month. And in that month I changed. I felt alive again. I was the girl I used to be. I became ambitious again. But it was too late to save my marriage. That had gone months ago . . . maybe years ago. Yet now I know it could have been saved. For the girl I used to be, the girl I am today isn't the girl who was married to Ben Shalleck. If I had had my career at the time I needed it most, during the critical time in marriage when two people are adjusting to each other, things would have been different. I wouldn't have brooded over little things because busy people don't have time to brood. I would have known how to cope with big things because my mind would be tuned to really thinking, not to just going through motions.

Now I've come into my own again. Acting has never been just an art to me. It's been work. I feel like a salesman when I'm out in front of an audience. I'm selling myself to them and I'm on my toes every minute I'm doing it. It's fun to overcome a cold audience just as it's thrilling to recapture one that's beginning to get listless.

It's exciting to have the telephone ringing again now that it brings other things beside inane conversation and gossip. Every ring might mean a new engagement, a call to New York or Chicago or Boston or Hollywood. It was thrilling to sing at Billy Rose's Casa Manana a few weeks ago and have the audience calling for songs I sang seven years ago. It brought tears to my eyes to know people had remembered. Seven years! That's not so long. Yet it seems a lifetime to me.

You understand what I've been saying, don't you, Bette? Now that the end has been written for your marriage you have all those years of work to help you go on. Think of the person those years have made you. The strength they have given you, the courage and the confidence too.

You wouldn't know about that, Carole. You wouldn't even want to think about it in the happiness that is yours today. You're a lucky girl. Love and a happy marriage are the greatest things that can happen to anyone. But don't make the mistake of giving up your career because of your happiness today.

Remember, work is the only really stable thing in life, the only thing you can really control and mould to your heart's desire. It belongs to you and to you alone. For it is you, Carole, just as Bette's work is Bette and mine is me. And only in building it can you hold those other things, too. For when you deny yourself you deny everything that is real and beautiful in life.

You see I know what I'm talking about. I'm leaving for Reno tomorrow!



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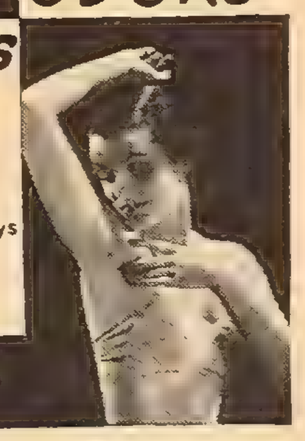
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Pictures on the Fire

[Continued from page 61]

bridal-wreath from the bushes, making a faint, lacy covering over path, and grass, and pergola. Helen floats down the path, speaking in a careful whisper.

"Hello, Andy."

Mickey looks up in surprise, as though he were seeing an apparition. "Hello—"

"May I sit down?" she asks. And as she moves around to sit beside him he brushes the blossoms off the bench with awkward hands. "Must've been quite a wind tonight," he mumbles, not looking at her. "Flowers're almost gone."

"I know how you feel, Andy," she whispers softly as she sits beside him.

"Who is he?" Mickey asks hoarsely.

"Bill Franklin," she replies, forcing herself to be casual. "He's professor in the college I went to. We fell in love last spring. But in the autumn he decided he didn't have enough money to marry me. So I went away. He came after me tonight because he's just won an endowment—to do research—and travel."

"I'd've earned enough," he growls implacably.

"Of course," she soothes him.

"He let you cry by yourself at night," Mickey goes on with a deadly hate.

"Yes, but he *was miserable, too," she murmurs softly.*

*"*I *would never hurt you that way," he responds in a passionate whisper, turning defiantly from her.*

"Andy!" she cries, "you've no right *to do this to me.* I'm *just as miserable as you are." Then she collects herself, speaking frankly, intelligently. "Listen, Andy. Tonight, for these few minutes, let's meet on an equal basis."*

"Yeah," he snarls truculently, "and then what?"

"And then I'll talk to you as if you were a man," *she retorts with dignity. "A* boy *couldn't understand but a* man *can! Andy, tomorrow you're going one way—and I'm going another. Let's seize these few minutes, hold them tight in our hands until we've said our say, then let them go," appealing to him vividly. "Perhaps they'll leave some stardust on our fingers that time will never rub off."*

"That's what hurts," he cries fiercely, "when you talk like that! No one'll ever talk to me like that again! No one's voice'll ever *be like yours! As long as I live, who'll ever talk to me about—stardust?" He drops in a little tired heap on the bench, then looks up at her with tears in his eyes as three strained, pain-wracked words force themselves through his lips: "Rose—it hurts."*

"Yes," she nods, "that's *like a man, too. Why, Andy, through everything—every storm of life that twists you—every time Fate smashes you in the face—that honest courage of yours will survive."*

"It's funny," he mutters again, "I know *—just as well as I'm standing here—you're only telling me these things so as to make me* be *these things but—" (mentally examining himself as he gropes for words) "it's working!"*

"Oh, Andy," she encourages him, "in a couple of years I'll be that funny little country school teacher who once gave you a few weeks of high school dramatics. There'll be a dozen *other girls who've come into your life."*

"You mean twelve different girls in two years?" he queries, interested despite himself.

"It's inevitable when a man is attractive," Helen pours it on.

NOW, I ask you, after a scene like that who could stop and exchange persiflage? Not even a Mook. I sneak on to the next set where "Stronger Than Desire" is shooting. But Walter Pidgeon, Virginia Bruce (his cinematic wife) and Ann Todd (his cinematic daughter) are taking setting up exercises as they plot a trip to Europe. Usually I find Mr. Pidgeon one of the most stimulating conversationalists I know and, Virginia is the joy of life but today nothing matters after the other scene I have witnessed. Not even the fact that Ilka Chase (who is the *ne plus ultra* in comediennes) has returned to the screen. Of course, the fact that Ilka isn't working today may have something to do with this attitude on my part but a kiss from Lombard and then nursing Andy Hardy through an attack of puppy love are too much. I leave M-G-M flat and proceed to—

Warner Bros.

I CAN'T truthfully say there is nothing doing here because there is. There's "The Hobby Family"—first of a new series, with Irene Rich, Henry O'Neill, Jackie Moran and Jean Sharon. But nothing of importance is happening here.

THEN, there is "Dust Be My Destiny" starring Mr. John Garfield. I thoroughly and whole-heartedly approve of Mr. Garfield but as Miss Priscilla Lane has just succeeded another lass in the feminine lead, necessitating a re-shoot of practically the entire picture we'll let it wait.

THERE is also a new *Torchy Blane* comedy with Jane Wyman supplanting Glenda Farrell. This is one of the most popular serials yet produced and this new one is one of the best. So don't be stubborn. Just adjust your minds to Jane instead of Glenda and steep yourselves in gore—and comedy. Glenda is established—Jane is coming up. Give the kid a break.

Paramount

THERE are only three pictures going here. One is "The Star Maker" starring Bing Crosby. But Bing isn't working today so we'll postpone that one until next month, too. Another is "Our Leading Citizen" starring Bob Burns. But our Mr. Burns, the people's choice, is no longer the democratic hill-billy he once was and the set is closed. So we'll ignore Mr. B. The last is "Disputed Passage" with Akim Tamiroff, Dorothy Lamour and John Howard. The latter two always give me a violent case of "heaves" and I'm not upsetting my equilibrium when I have a dinner date at the Crosby's so until next month "so long, gang."

Reviews

[Continued from page 66]

GIRL FROM MEXICO

PLENTY OF HOT-CHA-CHA—*RKO*

THE fiery little Mexican star, Lupe Velez, makes her comeback and a darn good one, too, in this yarn about an advertising executive from New York (Donald Woods) who comes to Mexico to seek fresh and interesting talent for a radio program. He runs across Lupe, brings her back to the Big City with him, and all goes well enough until Lupe's madcap escapades, in between her riotous singing and dancing turns, cause a rift between Donald and his fiancee. Of course, Lupe wins him in the end. Prominent in the cast is Leon Errol, whose comedy moments with Lupe are guaranteed to put you in the pink of condition.

TELL NO TALES

EXCITEMENT GALORE—*M-G-M*

LESLIE FENTON, one time actor, makes his debut as a director with a swiftly moving mystery melodrama. Melvyn Douglas plays a young newspaper editor who has been advised by the publisher, Douglas Dumbrille, that the newspaper will fold with the Saturday night edition. On Saturday night, Melvyn finds in his own pocket a hundred dollar bill that was passed by a gang of kidnapers—the first clue in a sensational kidnaping case. He determines that his newspaper will go out in a blaze of glory, so he turns sleuth and in thirty-six hours tracks down the gang. Gene Lockhart plays a big shot gambler, Louise Platt a pretty pupil and Florence George the beautiful singer.

THE GRACIE ALLEN MURDER CASE

FUN AND MURDER—*Paramount*

WHEN Gracie Allen, the country's pet nitwit, puts her mind, or what goes for her mind, on solving a murder mystery anything can happen. And does. She nearly drives Philo Vance crazy, she sends her hero to jail and the police to an insane asylum, and gets all romantic over the murderers. But by simply, and we mean simply, making a glorious jumble of clues she does solve the crime. Gracie has a grand time for herself and has never been funnier. Warren William plays the suave Mr. Vance, Kent Taylor Gracie's boy friend Bill, and William Demerest, Sergeant Heath. In the supporting cast are Ellen Drew, Judith Barrett, H. B. Warner and Al Shaw and Sammy Lee. If you like murder with vour fun, or fun with your murder, this is your dish.

THE KID FROM KOKOMO

MAY ROBSON STEALS THE PICTURE—*Warners*

WAYNE MORRIS, who rose to glory in "Kid Galahad," is back in the prize ring again. Wayne plays a nice country kid, quick with his mitts, who is looking for his long lost mother. Fight manager Pat O'Brien and his bubble dancing girl friend, Joan Blondell, convince him that if he goes into big time fighting the publicity will attract his mother. The kid's a hit, but he's got that mother-complex bad, so to keep his fighter happy Pat goes out and digs up a mother for him. The "mother" is May Robson, an old sot he finds in a night court who has been arrested for shoplifting. Miss Robson, that lovable old reprobate of seventy-five, from then on proceeds to walk away with the picture. One ridiculous situation follows another, and it's all quite wacky and entertaining. Joan Blondell (this is her last picture for Warners) makes the most of her bubble dancing, and Pat O'Brien is right at home in a role that's down his alley. Jane Wyman is teamed with Wayne for the love interest. But it's "Muzzy" May's picture.

ROSE OF WASHINGTON SQUARE

STORY TROUBLE—*Twentieth Century-Fox*

FOR those of us who remember the speakeasy, "Yaka Hula Hickey Dula," the Follies, and that mad period that followed the World War, this picture will doubtless bring on a good case of nostalgia. Unfortunately, the story isn't as strong as it could be, but it gets along right nicely with Tyrone Power, Alice Faye and Al Jolson to do plenty of bolstering. It's all about a charming young man—that's Ty—who just can't resist being a crook. He meets Alice on her way from burlesque to the Follies; they marry; he reforms; and everything is hunky dory until one of his past sins catches up with him. To raise money quickly he gets himself involved in a gang scandal, and later jumps his fifty thousand bail which Al Jolson, Alice's true-blue friend, posts for him. This gives Alice a chance to sing "My Man" before a Follies audience—and she sings it beautifully, but Fannie Brice is better. Alice sings a lot of the old favorites, such as "Pretty Baby," and "Rose of Washington Square," and "I'm Sorry, Dear." Al gives out with a whole flock of "Mammy" songs, which will please you no end if you like "Mammy" songs. 'Tis said that Fannie Brice is suing the studio, because it just so happens to be her life story.

HOTEL IMPERIAL

THE WAR AGAIN—*Paramount*

ISA MIRANDA, a really excellent Italian actress of note, gets herself launched on her American career in this one. But the launching is none too brilliant, no champagne, just gin and bitters. To begin with it's a re-make of an old Pola Negri picture, and re-makes aren't going over so well this year, it seems. The plot dates back to the World War and Miss Miranda finds herself caught in the flux of war on the Austrian-Russian front where she has come to avenge the suicide of her young sister. Ray Milland plays a handsome young Hungarian officer, also caught on the wrong side of the lines, who disguises himself as a hotel flunkey when the Russians move in. Reginald Owen has the best part in the picture—that of a Russian general who loves pomp and ceremony and chambermaids.

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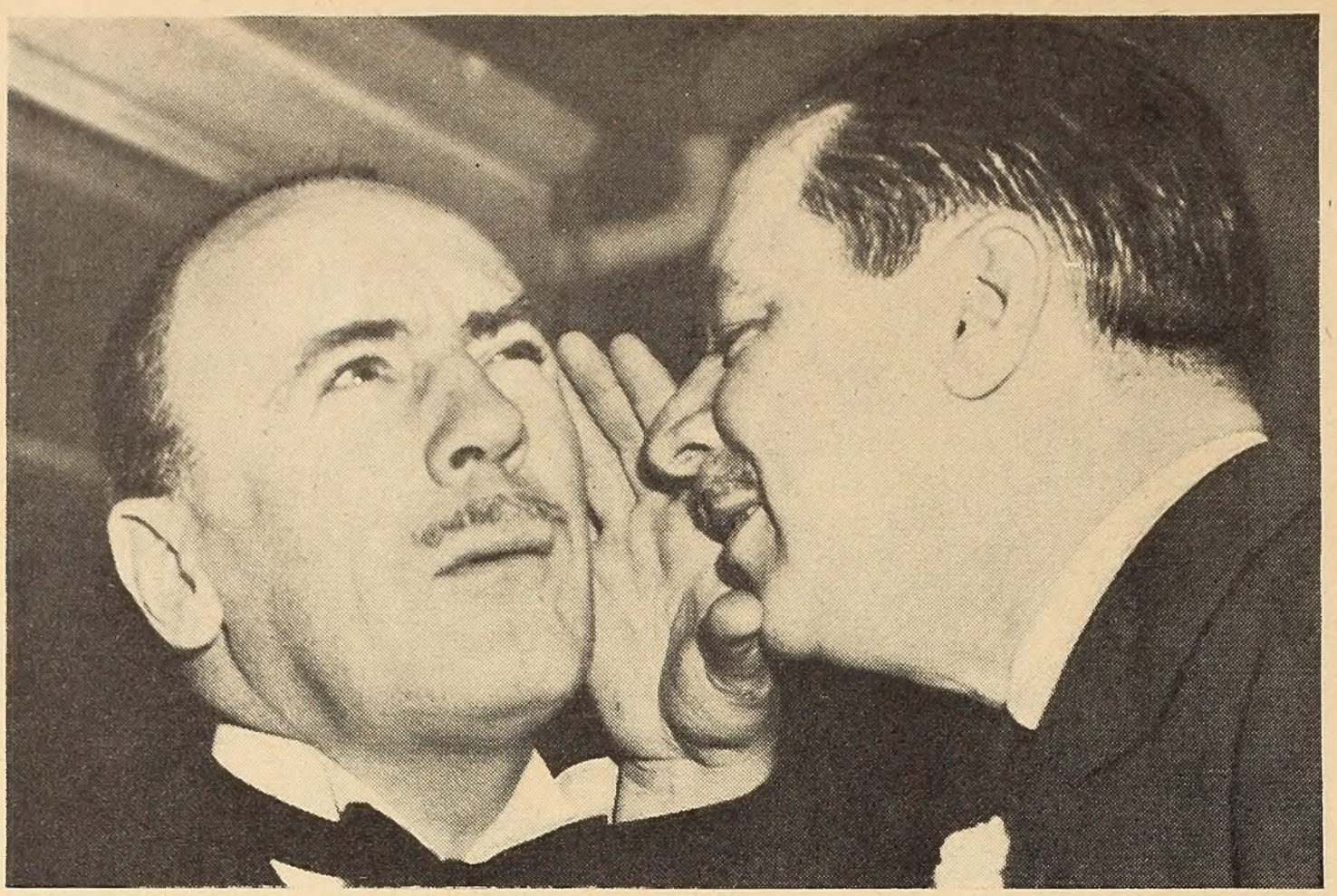
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Humorist Robert Benchley gives Roland Young a confidential earful during the course of a testimonial dinner recently given the former.

Topics for Gossip

[Continued from page 21]

footprints and all. And Earl Carroll's new show, and the Conga's new rhumba band, and Gertrude Niesen singing too, too marvelously at Marcel's. But what's to do about it?

All the Glamour Boys are getting married so fast that soon there won't be anyone left to take the girls out dancing, except Mickey Rooney and Freddie Bartholomew. Just in the past few months Clark Gable went out of circulation and so did Tyrone Power, Nelson Eddy, Robert Taylor, and Doug Fairbanks Jr. Being happy young husbands they all want to go home now when they leave the studio. That's all very nice, but what are the Glamour Girls going to do? The cast system being what it is, a star just can't go out with anybody, she's got to be seen with somebody important or else they'll say around town that she's slipping. Imagine being a Sonja Henie, with all the money and glamour in the world, but without an important male to be seen with!

It was *one of those moments* at the swank preview of "Juarez" when Joan Crawford, escorted by Charlie Martin, got out of her car at the theatre at the very same second that Doug Jr., and his new bride got out of their car. And not a photographer in sight!

And, oh, how we wished for a photographer the other evening at Lionel Barrymore's birthday party when Carole Lombard found herself with Bill Powell on one side and Clark Gable on the other.

Stars who take their Art with a capital A have a hard time of it when they find Donald Crisp and David Niven in their pictures, for those two are the finest verbal ribbers in Hollywood, and have no respect whatsoever for Greatness in any shape or form.

Geraldine Fitzgerald takes her play-acting quite seriously and so "Wuthering Heights" was one long nightmare for her, what with Donald and David both in the cast, and enthusiastically abetted in their pranks by Larry Olivier. Geraldine believes in getting herself into the "mood" of the scene she is to do before coming on the set, and as her scenes were quite tragic in the latter part of the picture she worked herself up to a really magnificent "mood." But imagine her horror when she came on the set one day, as tragic as a Duse, and sat down on a whoopee bag that let out a weird noise!

Then there was the day she sat on a breakaway chair, and another day when there was an electric battery on it. But it was the whoopee bag that made her cry. And Donald and David promised to be good.

Now it's Bette Davis who has drawn Donald Crisp in her new picture, "Lady and the Knight." But Bette is a gal who can take it. The other day when Donald and Errol Flynn were doing a scene for the picture, Bette swept on the stage regal in black taffeta, a red wig, a high ruff, and magnificent jewels. Director Curtiz set up a camera to do a test of her and Donald and Errol gathered on the sidelines to watch. "Now do your best, little girl," said Donald to the screen's most brilliant dramatic actress, "and it may be that we can find a job for you in this picture."

Success in Hollywood: Only a few years ago Cary Grant was so unpopular as a leading man at Paramount that none of the Glamour Girls wanted to have him in their pictures. A fact that soon brought about his being dropped from the contract list. But today Cary is so "hot" that there isn't a Glamour Girl in town who wouldn't give her eyeteeth to have him in her picture. Even the Great Garbo wanted him. But no can get. Imagine, being able to spurn a Garbo. Well, we don't blame the girls.

JOAN BLONDELL can tell you how to win prizes in dance contests. At a party the other evening the hostess announced that they would now have a dance contest and urged Joan and Dick to join the others out there on the dance floor in an old-fashioned waltz. But Joan was having a grand time listening to Bea Lillie, Fannie Brice and Reggie Gardiner tell wonderful tales about Broadway and simply didn't want to be bothered with a dance contest just then. "Come, come," said the hostess, "you may get a prize." "Oh, no I won't," said Joan, "I've been in dance contests before. They're always fixed." But Dick insisted that they humor their hostess so he dragged Joan out on the floor just as the last bars of music floated into thin air. "The winner of the dance contests," announced the hostess, "is Joan Blondell and Dick Powell." *She* wasn't going to have *her* contests *fixed*. Joan received a lovely bottle of Patou perfume, and her conscience smote her just a bit. "But the fates got even with me," said Joan, "when I got home and opened my box again to admire my perfume I found an empty box! Somewhere on the way home I lost it!"

Vivien (Scarlett O'Hara) Leigh has been accused of pulling a Garbo in Hollywood because she doesn't show up at night clubs and parties. But it isn't a case of being "stand-offish" with Vivien, we discovered, it's simply a case of being very, very lonesome for your boy friend. So instead of scampering off to the Trocadero with a Lee Bowman, a Cesar Romero, or a Jimmy Stewart, when the day's work is done, Vivien, accompanied by her secretary goes to a projection room at the Selznick studio and sees old pictures—and thinks about Laurence Olivier.

The other day a local caterer was all aflutter when Vivien Leigh called and ordered a big birthday cake. Naturally they wanted to know what greetings to put on the cake, but were told by Scarlett just to get the cake ready and she would be down later to attend to the greetings. And sure enough, later in the afternoon Vivien marched into the kitchen, and while the bakers stood around with their eyes fairly popping out, she took the icing shooter, or whatever you call it, and wrote "Larry Darling—Happy Birthday." The cake was mailed to Larry Olivier in New York.

With the number of eligible escorts reaching a new low, right glad the girls are to have Bruce Cabot, footloose and fancy free back in Hollywood again. Bruce has been taking the red-haired, stream-lined Ann Sheridan dancing—much to Cesar "Butch" Romero's annoyance. Little Annie certainly gets about. They do say that when Walter Wanger danced with her just once too often at the Connie Bennett party Joan Bennett gave him a glare that could freeze the blood in his veins. But after all, Ann's starring in a Walter Wanger picture now, "Winter Carnival," and a producer has to be nice to his star—or doesn't he?

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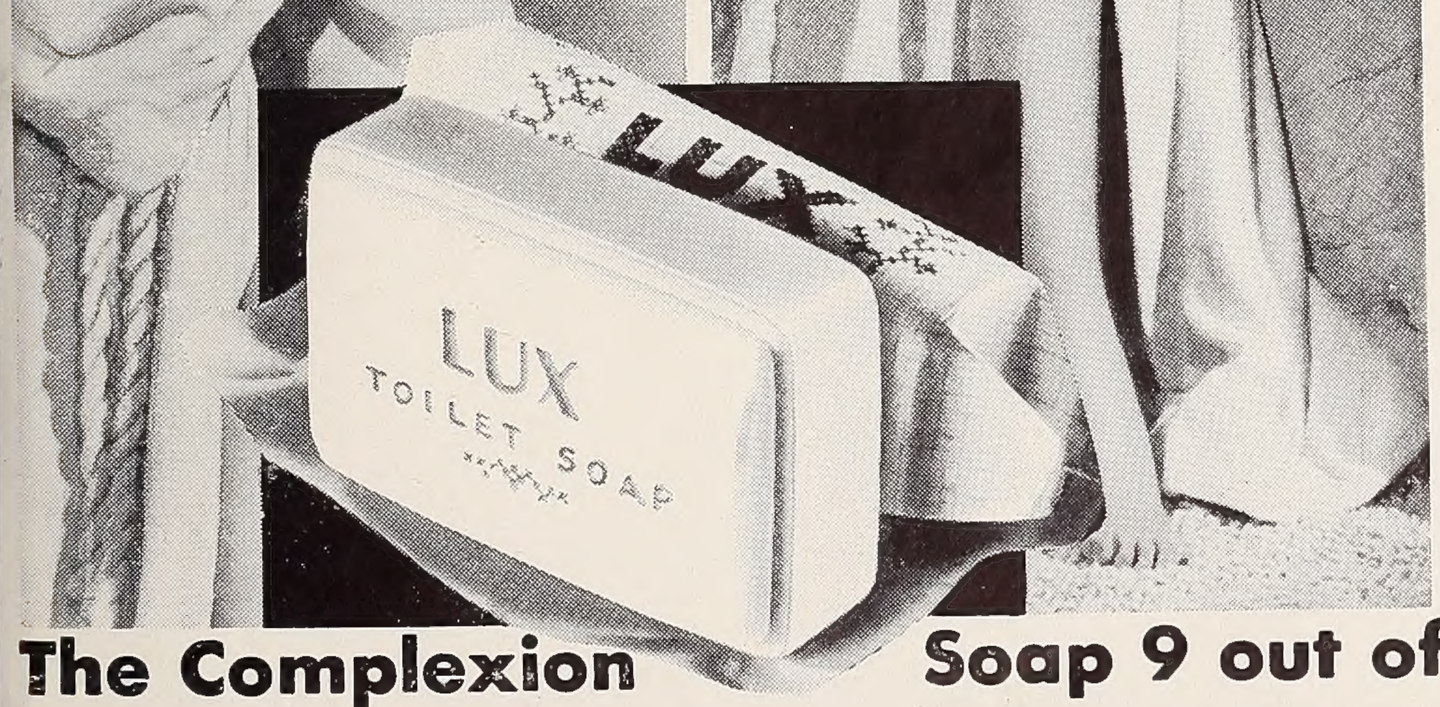
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